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JUDGE TUCKER ON THE LAW OF TREASON.

In the last number, we left Judge Tucker proposing to discuss the offence of Treason, in a two-fold aspect—as it related to the American States individually, and as it related to them collectively, in the character and capacity of the United States. We pass over what he says under the first head, and proceed with his argument under the second.

II. *I shall consider the offence of treason as it relates to the United States, in their collective and federal capacity.*

When the Federal Constitution was adopted, it was deemed necessary for the more perfect security and preservation of the *Union*, to create a new species of treason, and by which might result cases not within the provisions of the laws of the several States; and without which their projected Union might be exposed to danger, and its authority to contempt.

But the framers of the Constitution clearly saw, that this new offence should be clearly defined and strictly limited; they probably felt conscious of treading upon

> "Unsure suppositos cineri doloso;"

They limited the offence therefore to *two cases only*, and comprised the whole definition in two lines: the whole legal vocabulary does not contain more clear, precise, and determinate,

> "*Treason against the United States*, shall consist *only in levying war* against *them*, or in *adhering to their enemies*, giving them aid and comfort."

In my endeavor to analyze this definition, I shall inquire—

1. What is levying war?

2. Against whom the war must be levied to constitute the new crime of treason against the United States?

3. Who may commit treason against them?

4 and 5. When we have ascertained what is adhering to them, giving them aid and comfort?

6. The true import and effect of the word *only*, and of that sanctimonious clause in the Constitution which prescribes the mode of trial in this and other criminal cases.

1. First, then, what is meant by the words, *levying war?*

I have already said enough respecting the English authorities, to show that I do not mean to rely upon their exposition of this text: happy would it have been for America, had no constructions occurred, in the new courts that been called upon to expound them. I shall give the opinions of our own judges, as I find them reported in an account of the trial of Fries for Fries for high treason, in the Federal Circuit Court of Pennsylvania, April and October, 1799, and April, 1800.

"The only species of treason likely to come before you," said Judge Iredell in his charge to the grand jury, "is that of levying war against the United States. There have been various opinions and different determinations on this part of those words. But I think I am warranted in saying, that if in the case of the insurgents who may come under your consideration, the intention was to prevent, by force of arms, the execution of any act of the Congress of the United States altogether, (as for instance, the land tax, the object of their opposition,) *any possible opposition, calculated to carry* that intention into effect, was a levying of war against the United States, and of course an act of treason. *But* if its intention was merely to *defeat its operation as a particular instance*, or through the agency of a *particular officer*, for some *private* or *personal* motive, though a higher offence may have been committed, it has not amounted to the crime of treason. The particular motive must be the sole ingredient in the case, for if combined with a *general* view to obstruct the execution of the act, the offence must be deemed treason."—*Trial of Fries, p.* 14.

Patterson, justice, is reported to have expressed himself to the following effect, in Mitchell's case. [2 *Dallas*, 348.) "If the object of the insurrection was to prevent the execution of an act of Congress by force and intimidation, the offence in legal estimation, is high treason; it is an usurpation of the authority of the Government; it is high treason by levying war."—*Trial of Fries*, p. 86.

And on the trial of Rigol, [2 *Dallas*, p. 340,) he is likewise reported to have said, "With respect to the intention, there is not, unhappily, the slightest possibility of doubt. To suppress the office of the executive in the fourth survey of this State, and particularly in the present instance to compel the resignation of Wells, the excise officer, so as to render null and void, in effect, an act of Congress, constituted the apparent, the avowed object of the insurrection. Combining the facts and the design, the crime is high treason."—*Trial of Fries, p.* 86.

Judge Iredell, on the first trial of Fries, expressed his assent to the decision in Mitchell's case.—*Ibid, p.* 158.

Judge Peters, on the same occasion, expressed himself thus: "It is treason in levying war against the United States, for persons, who have none but a local interest, combining with the citizens, to oppose, or prevent, by force, numbers, or intimidation, a particular and general law of the United States, with intent to prevent its operation, or compel its repeal. Force is necessary to complete the crime; but the *quantum* of force is immaterial." . . . . . "If numbers and force can render one law ineffectual, which is *tantamount* to a repeal, the whole code of laws may be destroyed in detail. All laws will, at least, yield to the violence of the seditious and discontented." . . . . . And again . . . . "I do not, therefore, say, that the petitioners have found established, *viz:* that opposition by force and numbers or intimidation, with intent to defeat, delay, or prevent the execution of a *general* law of the United States, or by force, with the hope of procuring by force and numbers, or intimidation, its repeal or non-execution, is treason by levying war against the United States. And it does not appear to me to be what is commonly called *constructive*, but *open* and *direct* treason, in levying war against the United States, within the plain and evident meaning and intent of the Constitution."—*Trial of Fries, p.* 204, 207.

Judge Chase, on the second trial of Fries, thus delivered the opinion of the *court:* "It is the opinion of the court, that any insurrection, or rising of *any* body of people, within the United States, to attain or effect by force or violence any object of a great *public* nature, or of *public* and *general* (or *national*) concern, is a levying of war against the United States, within the contemplation and construction of the Constitution."—*Ibid, p.* 196 to 199.

With all submission, this part of the court's opinion seems to me to be both *questionable* and extrajudicial.

1. It is questionable: because taken in the latitude and extent which the words will bear and manifestly import, the rising of any body of people, in opposition to the authority of any individual State, or to the laws of such State, would, under this construction, amount to treason in levying war against the United States, which, for reasons already mentioned, I humbly apprehend could not possibly be the case.

2. *Extrajudicial:* because in the case of Fries, the intention, if of a public nature, was manifestly to oppose the execution of a law of the United States; and therefore this opinion, as it might apply to any other case of opposition, except an opposition to a law of the United States, was certainly *extrajudicial.*

Sharpe's Magazine.

Judge Chase proceeds thus: "On this *general position*, the court are of opinion that any such insurrection, or rising to resist or to prevent, by force or violence, the execution of any statute of the United States, for levying or collecting taxes, duties, imposts, or excises, or for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, or for any other object of a general nature or national concern, under any pretence, as that the statute was unjust, burdensome, oppressive, or unconstitutional, is a levying war against the United States, within the contemplation and construction of the Constitution. The reason for this opinion is, that an insurrection to resist or prevent, by force, the execution of any statute of the United States, has a direct tendency to dissolve all the bands of society, to destroy all order and all laws: and also all security for the lives, liberties, and properties of citizens of the United States."

The court are of opinion that military weapons (as guns, and swords, mentioned in the indictment) are not necessary to make such insurrection treason, and consequently, that *numbers may supply the want of military weapons;* and other instruments may effect the intended mischief: the legal guilt of levying war may be incurred, without the use of military weapons or military array."

This part of the opinion is, I humbly conceive, likewise extrajudicial: there being no indictment for levying war in the case, the jury were furnished with arms, as guns and swords, &c.

"The court are of opinion, that no assembling bodies of men armed and prepared in a warlike manner, for purposes only of a private nature, is not treason; although the judges or other peace-officers should be insulted or resisted, or even great outrages committed to the persons or property of our citizens."

"The true criterion to determine whether acts committed are treason, or a less offence, (as a riot,) is the *specific intention*, with which the people did assemble. When the intention is universal, or general, as, to effect some object of a general public nature, it will be treason, and cannot be considered, construed, or reduced to a riot." . . . . . This part of the opinion seems likewise to be extrajudicial and questionable, for the reasons mentioned under the first paragraph.

"The commission of any number of felonies, riots, or other misdemeanours, cannot alter their nature, so as to make them amount to treason. And on the other hand, if the intention act and what is adhering to them, giving them aid and comfort?

"The court are of opinion, that if a body of people conspire and meditate an insurrection to resist or oppose the execution of any statute of the United States generally, and they are only guilty of a high misdemeanor; but if they proceed to carry such intention into execution by *force*, that they are guilty of the treason of levying war; if they conspire to kill, and make employed neither lessens nor increases the crime: Whether by one hundred or one thousand persons, is wholly immaterial."

"The court are of opinion, that a combination or conspiracy to levy war against the United States is not treason, unless combined with an attempt to carry such combination or conspiracy into execution; some actual force or violence must be used in pursuance of such design to levy war: but that it is altogether immaterial, whether the force used is sufficient to effectuate the object; any force executed with the intention will constitute the crime of levying war."

In reason all the *participes criminis* are *principals;* there are no accessories to this crime. Every act which in the case of felony would render a man an accessory, will in the case of treason render him a principal. To refer a man accomplice and principal in felony, he must be aiding and abetting *at the fact*, or ready to afford assistance if necessary. If a person be present at a felony, aiding and assisting, he is a principal."

Here again, I apprehend, this part of the court's opinion is perfectly *extrajudicial:* Because Fries, if guilty at all, was guilty as a principal in the first degree; being present, and not only aiding and abetting, but *commanding.* And the correctness of this opinion (even were it not extrajudicial) likewise seems to me questionable, for reasons which will be mentioned hereafter, when we inquire into the import of the word *only* . . . . . This doctrine is founded upon that artificial and absurd reasoning, of which the English common lawyers were pre-eminently fond, as will appear to any person who reads their ancient tracts and reports.

The judge proceeds thus. . . . . "It is always material to consider whether the persons charged are of the same party, upon the same pursuit, and under the expectation of mutual defence and support. All persons present, aiding, assisting, or abetting any treasonable act, are *principals.* All persons who are present and countenancing, and are ready to afford assistance, if necessary, to those who combine and actually commit the treasonable act, are also *principals.* If a number of persons assemble and set out upon a common design, as to resist and prevent, by force, the execution of any law, and some of them commit acts of force and violence, with intent to oppose the execution of any law, and others are present to aid and assist, if necessary, and are ready to afford such assistance, and acts with an assembly of people, his intent is always to be considered and adjudged to be the same as theirs; and the law, in this case, judges of the intent of every man by the conduct of persons combine or conspire to effect a certain purpose, as to oppose by force the execution of a law, any act of violence done by any one of them, in pursuance of the original combination, with intent to effect such object, is, in consideration of law, the act of all who are *present* when such act of violence is committed. If persons assemble with intent to carry into effect a common end, any act done by any one of them, with intent to effectuate such common end, is a fact that may be given in evidence against all who assembled with such common intent and concerned."—*See Trial of Fries, p.* 196 to 199.

Most devoutly is it to be wished, that no future case may occur, wherein our courts may have any further occasion to inquire into the true construction of the words in the text of the Constitution: but if such cases should arise, it seems to me that the safer course would be for judges to conceit the text and spirit of our Federal Constitution and Government, *only:* for otherwise, the plain text will be completely hidden, and lost sight of, in the multitude of *precedents*, founded upon artificial reasons, and conclusions drawn from a different source.

It is observable, that in all these cases the judges seem to have overlooked that obvious distinction before mentioned, between such acts of force and violence as may amount to treason against a *particular State*, though not reducible to either head of treason against the United States, and such as may properly fall under the latter description.

* See State Trials, per Bromley, C. J., who may be considered as the father of this doctrine. He says, "He that doth *procure* another unto to commit a felony, or a *murder*, the law doth adjudge the procurer then a felon or a murderer. And in case of treason, it hath always been so taken and reputed."—*Page* 73.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."—Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the quotation that "all flesh is grass." The season and occasion, a few days afterwards he encountered Terence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind.

"The top of the mornin' to your riverence," said Terence, "and I fairly understand your riverence to say 'all flesh is grass' last Sunday?"

"To be sure you did," replied the Bishop, "and you're a heretic if you doubt it."

"Oh! not the bit do I doubt anything your riverence says," said the wily Terence; "but, if your riverence plazes, I wish to know whether in the Lent time I could go on aitin' me laving a small peice of *bafe* by way of a salad?"

Sharpe's Magazine.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF GOVERNOR UJHAZI. We regret to announce the death of this lady, which took place on the 11th of this month, at New Buda, Decatur county, Iowa. Intelligence of the event was received in this city last night, in a letter addressed to Major Uhlfelder, from Dr. Cochnan and lady. The venerable Hungarian patriot, in announcing the sad tidings, thus concludes his letter:

"The cup of my sorrows is full. I have lost my beloved wife! She departed this life after a few days' illness. Could I have foreseen that my exile was to shorten her days, I would have given my head to the Austrian executioner, but *numbers may supply the want of military weapons;* and other instruments may effect the intended mischief: the legal guilt of levying war may be incurred, without the use of military weapons or military array."

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"KOSSUTH AND COTTON."

Under this title, says the New York *Tribune*, Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Independent*, cauetically depicts the absurdity if nothy poesiry of pretending so honor the champions of liberty in other lands while upholding Slavery and such acts as the Fugitive Slave Law in our own. We extract Mr. B.'s account of the interview ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") between the great Hungarian and his arrival in our Eqnd our clerical denouncers of opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law:

Now, let us suppose that a Committee of Clergymen should be appointed to wait upon the illustrious exile (whose traitorous effigy has just been haltered and hung, at home!) Of course we should select those who have most pointedly inveighed against the doctrine of Higher Law—Dr. Dewey, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Spring, Dr. Lord—could a better Committee be desired?

During the quarantine of two days which our Government has ordered at Staten Island, we may imagine that it is the purpose of our excellent rulers to cleanse away all inward taint of treason, as well as outward contamination or plague, from the illustrious exile. We will imagine that the days are to be divided between the Church and the State. Our clerical Committee would without doubt cast a shade of awe over the haughty hero, as they marched into the cabin of the steam frigate Mississippi—(the State of repudiation and Senator Foote!)—each one bearing a presentation copy of his sermon or speech on the Higher Law. The oldest clergyman now approaches Kossuth, and welcomes him to this land of liberty and equality. Its blessings are described. The statistics of our prosperity are duly stated: "All these things," says the excellent spokesman, "we owe under God to our liberty. No people can thrive while ground by oppression." This happy laudation of Liberty being done, the gentlemen proceed to question his notions of law and government, patriotism and treason.

"Does your Excellency believe that Slavery is a good thing?" Do you not regard it as a patriarchal institution, tolerated by Jehovah, not abrogated by Christ, and, if properly used, a beneficent arrangement for the blacks?"

"Do you think, (being perhaps more used lately to the sword than to theology) may be supposed to be a little confused, and rather evades so unsavory a catechism.

But our clerical divines are too expert in examining candidates in theology in all the nice distinctions into which Truth has been split up, to be easily dodged. And so Dr. S. says, plainly:

"Would you, sir, if by uttering the prayers for it, you could release every slave in America to-morrow, dare to utter such a prayer?"

"That I should, very quickly," responds the illustrious catechumen, a little off his guard by the directness of the question.

The divine nudged each other. There is business on hand.

"Do you believe that a slave has the right to run away from his master?"

"Do you mean to inquire by this question, gentlemen, whether I have done right in running away from the service of the Emperor of Austria?"

"No, sir; oh, no! You are a white man. Perhaps you ought to put the question a little more explicitly. Do you believe that a black man, held to slavery in South Carolina, has a right to run away?"

The English tongue being yet a little new, Mr. Kossuth does not exactly know what *South Carolina* is, (an ignorance, perhaps, of which her own citizens somewhat partake,) and supposing that it is the name of some person, or prominent galley, answers, that "if a man ie imprisoned for crime, he thinks that he ought to work his sentence out, whether he is white or black."

"Do you think that when a man is flying for liberty, that any one has a right to help him off?"

"Oh, certainly, I do. I quite agree with your Government, gentlemen, who have kindly provided me this noble steamer wherewith to escape from the Emperor of Austria."

"But do you think that if a fugitive is arrested, that it is right for men to conspire together for his release against the express laws of his native land?"

"Ah, gentlemen, you are quite familiar with my case. I perceive that you allude to my my extradition from Kutahyia, against the edict of the Emperor of Austria. I quite agree with you, gentlemen, that the Turks did a noble thing."

By this time the venerated doctors whispered a moment in consultation, and concluded to leave a copy each of their several sermons and addresses on the Higher Law and the Fugitive Slave Law, and to turn down leaves upon the most salutary passages, such as this in Dr. Lord's sermon: ("Union Safety Committee" edition, page 66.) "Where there is a higher law to justify disobedience to a human law, the subject-matter of which is within the cognizance of the State, is to reject the authority of God himself, for his commands are communicated to men and to authority which they exercise in civil affairs." As a slave is by our laws defined to be a *chattel*, to be completely in the power of his master—and to have power to murder the rebel—it is treat his female slave as he will—to separate families, sell the children in one direction and the parents in the other—as our civil laws protect the master in the profit of sending his own blood to the market mingled with his slaves—it is not strange that Kossuth, on reading the passage, quite failed to see its practical drift, and thought it was a law to him to be an obedient citizen when he should have settled down.

Dr. Spencer called his attention to the doctrine (on page 17,) "A man has no right to fling away this life for a mere sentiment, and leave his wife a widow, or his grey-haired parents without a son to release them." This is a part of the statement that citizens have no right to resist Government until there is a good prospect of success. Upon this passage Kossuth ponders; and as he walks up and down his now deserted cabin, he soliloquizes: "As if the greatest achievements of the world were not in their inception gloomy and cheerless to all usual methods of estimation. It is the heart determined to die—it is that courage which cries out 'give me liberty or give me death;' it is that nobleness of nature that comes to accept life as a burden of disgrace, and hastens to lay it down as a sacrifice to liberty; in short, it is that sublime and heroic determination of great souls to vindicate man's manhood, living or dying, that ever gives success! Every Hungarian that has fallen is a tongue of liberty in the world. Between the Russian Bear and the Austrian Snake there was but little hope of victory for the sublime land. But though Hungary has lost her best sons, the world has gained them. They stand up above all division lines of States, and inspire men everywhere with a hatred to oppression and a determination to be free. No, it is the mark of a coward to be afraid to strike until he is sure of victory—until he has calculated the profit and loss, and has an adequate penal prospect of gaining! It is the very mark, in all ages, of a MAN, that he is willing to die for a 'SENTIMENT!'"

On their way back to this city, our clerical examiners held a private consultation. The result was disappointed, for one. Mr. Kossuth is not so intelligent a man as I supposed. He is somewhat inclined to fanaticism." "It is not to be expected that, with his limited knowledge of Republican Government, he should have discriminating views of the doctrines of liberty. We must remember that he is but a Magyar, and a recent proselyte to liberty—a new broom sweeps clean!" "Yes, *this* broom sweeps clean enough! I regard his views to be nothing short of flat higher law nonsense!" "Gentlemen, let us not be too despairing. We may hope that a little reflection will convince Mr. Kossuth that circumstances alter cases—a little dining out, a free intercourse with our public functionaries; a better knowledge of the state of things here, and on which side his bread is buttered; one or two visits from distinguished statesmen—these, with the documents which we have left, will probably soon change him from a blind Magyar patriot, in to a American statesman. two very different species, you know. Stranger changes than that have taken place. How long did it take to change you, Dr.——? How long did it take to change you, Dr.——? How long did it take to change your mind?" Why, half the men in the nation that now stand right on the slavery question, a year or two ago believed in the doctrines of human liberty as they are stated in the sermon on the Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are born free,' &c., has done more mischief than the whole instrument ever did good! Well, brethren, let us remember that we are prayers!" and upon this they separated.

For the National Era.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

OR,

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XIX.—*Topsy.*

One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Cousin, come here, Cousin, I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department; see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race, and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new world to her, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single dirty, ragged garment, made of bagging, and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something that, in spite of all gravity, provoked a laugh; and accordingly

sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"La, you niggers?" she would say to some of her auditors, "does you know you's all sinners? Well, you—everybody is. White folks is sinners too, Miss Feely says so; but I 'spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor, ye aint any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothin with me. I used to keep old missis a swearin, and I'd do things I spose I's the wickedest critter in the world," and Topsy would cut a somerset, and come up brisk and shining on to a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays, teaching Topsy the catechism. Topsy had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

"What good do you expect it is going to do her?" said St. Clare.

"Why, it always has done children good. It's what children always have to learn, you know," said Miss Ophelia.

"Understand it or not," said St. Clare.

"Oh, children never understand it at the time, but after they are grown up it'll come to them."

Mino hasn't come to me yet," said St. Clare, "though I'll bear testimony that you put it into me pretty thoroughly when I was a boy."

"Ah, you were always good at learning, Augustine. I used to have great hopes of you," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, haven't you now?" said St. Clare.

"I wish you were as good as you were when you wore a boy, Augustine."

"So do I, that's a fact, cousin," said St. Clare. "Well, go ahead and catechise Topsy; may be you'll make out something yet."

Topsy, who had stood like a black statue during this discussion, with her hands decently folded, now, at a signal from Miss Ophelia went on—

"Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created."

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, missis, was dat ar State Kintuck?"

"What State, Topsy?"

"Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear massr tell how we came down from Kintuck."

St. Clare laughed.

"You'll have to give her a meaning, or she'll make one," said he. "There seems to be a theory of emigration suggested there."

"Oh! Augustine, be still," said Miss Ophelia; "how can I do anything if you will be laughing?"

"Well, I won't disturb the exercises again, on my honor;" and St. Clare took his paper into the parlor, and sat down, till Topsy had finished her recitations. They were all very well; only that now and then she would oddly transpose some important words, and persist in the mistake, in spite of every effort to the contrary; and St. Clare, after all his promises of goodness, took a wicked pleasure in these mistakes, calling Topsy to him whenever he had a mind to amuse himself, and getting her to repeat the offending passages, in spite of Miss Ophelia's remonstrances.

"How do you think I can do anything with the child, if you will go on so, Augustine?" she would say.

"Well, it is too bad, I won't again; but I do like to hear the droll little image stumble over those big words!"

"But you confirm her in the wrong way."

"What's the odds? one word is as good as another to her."

"You wanted me to bring her up right; and you ought to remember she is a reasonable creature, and be careful of your influence over her."

"Oh, dismal! so I ought; but as Topsy herself says, 'I's so wicked!'"

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded for a year or two—Miss Ophelia worrying herself from day to day with her, as a kind of chronic plague, to whose inflictions she became in time as accustomed as persons sometimes do to the neuralgia or sick head-ache.

St. Clare took the same kind of amusement in the child that a man might in the tricks of a parrot or a poiuter. Topsy, whenever her sins brought her into disgrace in other quarters, always took refuge behind his chair, and St. Clare, in one way or other, would make peace for her. From him she got many a stray picayune, which she laid out in nuts and candies, and distributed with careless generosity to all the children in the family. For Topsy, to do her justice, was good-natured and liberal, and only spiteful in self-defence. She is fairly introduced into our corps de ballet, and will figure from time to time in her turn with other performers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ The *Christian Statesman*, one of the most liberal of Colonization papers, thus speaks of the capacity of colored people.—*Ed. Era.*

INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY OF COLORED MEN.

We are among those who assent to the common opinion of the identity of the human species; but whether the position be correct is a matter of trifling consequence, as we imagine that none will deny the humanity and moral accountability of what they may regard as the lowest species of rational creatures.

Colored men are generally placed lowest in the scale of intellectual beings, but with what reason we are unable to divine. It is a fact that nine-tenths of the negro race is in a state of savage ignorance, but in this respect their condition in no way differs from that of other races—the Indians of this Continent, for instance, and the inhabitants of many parts of Asia and the South Sea Islands. Great pains have been taken to civilize the Indians, while until within a few years the negro has only been regarded as fitted to be a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Governments and individuals have expended countless thousands in the education of the Indians, while the poor negro has been allowed only to pick up the crumbs that fall from the white man's table. Yet, under all these disadvantages, he has attained to a far higher degree of civilization, knowledge, and Christianization, than the Indian. It is true that the Indian has displayed great talents in war—boldness, fortitude, and valor—and in council a rude eloquence, which has been much admired. But it is not improbable that if we were as familiar with the history of the negro in his savage state, we should find parallel virtues and talents to those displayed by the Indians. In regard to the talents of the two races, as they have been drawn forth by education, the preponderance is decidedly in favor of the negroes. We know of no individual of the Indian race who stands forth at the present day as a man of marked and decided talent. We hear of no orator, no writer, no man of learning, among the numerous tribes whose education and civilization has been the peculiar care of the Federal Government for years. But of negroes there are scores of speakers and writers in this country, in Canada, the West Indies, and Liberia, who will compare favorably with white men. Persons not merely disinterested, but strongly prejudiced the other way, have been struck with the high order of eloquence exhibited by negro orators at the abolition meetings. The intemperate language used by these men on such occasions doubtless exerts a highly pernicious influence upon the true interests of their race; but the talent displayed by them is nevertheless highly creditable to that race, and therefore should not be overlooked.

We have seen several newspapers edited and published by colored men, which give evidence of a degree of literary acquirements and talents which cannot be despised by any class of readers, whatever may be thought of the views inculcated. Occasionally essays appear from the same source which would do honor to the most gifted young men in the country.

In the British West Indies, colored men fill the highest positions in society—physicians, lawyers, merchants, and planters; they are but little, if any, behind the whites of the islands in intelligence, refinement, and wealth. The Attorney General of the island of Jamaica was a few years ago a man of color, and is described as a lawyer of the first talents and an accomplished gentleman. It is in these islands that colored men have hitherto enjoyed the best opportunity for the improvement of their faculties, and we consequently find the wealthy portion of them refined in manners, high spirited, and with cultivated minds.

In Liberia, the colored race has demonstrated its capacity for self-government—a problem which has proven so difficult of solution by the most enlightened white races. If we except England, it will be difficult to find in Europe a people who have at once so free and so stable a Government as Liberia. President Roberts, though born a slave, has shown a capacity for ruling a free State which would reflect credit upon any statesman of the age.

In view of the facts above adverted to, who will deny that the negro has made the most of his opportunities? Who can say with safety that the white race would have risen faster from an equal degradation, and with the slender means of improvement which have been vouchsafed to the man of color?

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1851.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

How happens it that all at once, as if by some concerted arrangement, the country is flooded with publications injurious to Kossuth? Why do American officials abroad furnish letters against him for home-consumption? Why do the Hunker and Conservative journals of this country support republish these anonymous attacks, assuming that they are true, and denouncing Kossuth unheard, and lamenting hypocritically that he should have behaved so badly? Why do the journals of the Administration, in this city, give rendy credence to the slanderous reports, circulate them industriously, and interpose no cautionary word against hasty judgments, on *ex parte*, contradictory statements from *unknown* sources?

Is the Administration willing to check the popular enthusiasm for Kossuth, so as to conciliate Austria and Russia? Is it anxious for a pretext to withhold from him the honors he deserves, so that the Austrian Minister may be induced not to demand his passports?

Alas, for Kossuth! His mistake was, in not submitting quietly and in silence to the secundrel Despotism which has its foot on the throat of Liberty—in supposing that a United States vessel was United States territory, and that he might there, without any impropriety, pour forth his burning words in behalf of Freedom, against the monsters who are seeking to destroy it.

Mistaken man! In the judgment of Captain Long, and of the American Consul, and of American ex-honorables, and American attaches, this was indiscreet, fanatical, incendiary. Liberty was not to be praised, Oppression was not to be denounced, on board an American ship of war. Austria might be offended—our Government might be compromitted!

AN APPEAL FOR MERCY.

The Interposition of the Federal Government Invoked for Irish Prisoners.

An immense meeting of native and naturalized Irish citizens was held in Boston a few days since, for the purpose of invoking the intercession of our Government with Great Britain in behalf of Smith O'Brien and his associates, confined in Australia as political prisoners. Their offence was, such acts of resistance to the Government of Great Britain, as, according to the principles lately assumed in Judge Kane's opinion—an opinion warmly approved by the *Washington Union*—amounted to Treason. For this offence they were sent to Australia, where they have been for the last two years.

The meeting at Boston agreed upon a memorial to President Fillmore, asking him to use his good offices with the British Government for their pardon and release. Governor Boutwell, who presided, on taking the chair, delivered a short speech, of which the following is an extract:

"It is not necessary to arraign the conduct of Great Britain; but it is proper to say that she has confined in Australia, as prisoners, Irish patriots, guilty of no crime but that of seeking for their native country better institutions and an improved form of Government."

* * * * * * *

"But the purpose of this meeting is to solicit the good offices of our own Government with that of Great Britain in behalf of the Irish prisoners in Australia. We ask the release of these men because they have suffered enough, whatever view may be taken of their offence; we ask it because Great Britain can grant the request with entire safety to her own interests and power; we ask it because she has herself participated in a similar movement in behalf of Kossuth and the Hungarian patriots confined in Austria; we ask it because the true friends of England herself, who will need the sympathies and services of the Irish people when she arrays her power against that of Russia for the protection of the liberties of Western Europe, and, finally, we may ask it in the name of the American people, who desire to receive with equal hospitality the exiled patriots of Ireland and of Hungary."

These remarks are just and pertinent. The grounds on which we should interfere in behalf of the prisoners are fairly stated. We are glad to see that Mr. Sumner, the new Senator from Massachusetts, wrote a letter to the meeting, sustaining in eloquent terms its object. Everywhere the movement seems to be cordially sanctioned. Our neighbors of the *Washington Union* are emphatic in their approbation of it, remarking—

"Such a movement in this country reflects high credit upon the humane and generous feeling in which it originates; and we trust that it will receive from the Government of the United States that favorable reception and judicious consideration which it so well deserves."

We agree with Mr. Sumner, that the clemency thus invoked "from a powerful Government towards those whom it classes as political offenders, is in harmony with the spirit of the age, and with the lessons of Christianity. It is a grace which it can never be otherwise than honorable to ask and honorable to grant:

"The majesty in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

Should Mr. Fillmore respond to the memorial by bringing the subject to the notice of the British Government, we doubt not that the answer would be courteous, if not satisfactory.

But this movement suggests another matter of kindred interest. Let us suppose that Lord Palmerston, insnacted by the Queen, moved to compassion by the representations of our Government, should return it a communication, announcing that its intercession had prevailed, and orders had been despatched for the release of the Irish prisoners. He begs leave, however, to bring to the notice of the President a case which has enlisted profound sympathy in a large portion of her Majesty's subjects, and not dissimilar in its general features to that which prompted the appeal of the American Government for mercy. He refers to the imprisonment of Captains Drayton and Sayres for the offence of attempting to emancipate from bondage some seventy human beings. Their object was a humane one, as they proposed to secure no advantage to themselves by the set. Besides, their attempt was baffled, and all the slaves were brought back and restored to their masters, so that no loss was sustained by any one. For this act, which is made an offence only by the local law, though regarded as worthy of signal honor in countries where Slavery does not exist, they have suffered already close confinement for the last three years—a longer time than that of the Irish prisoners whom her Majesty's Government has released at our instance. He invokes our clemency in their behalf. He will not use the language of the distinguished Governor of Massachusetts, in a similar case, and say that they have suffered enough, whatever views may be taken of the character of their offence; that our Government can grant their release with entire safety to its own interests and power. It is not for one nation to pronounce judgment in regard to the laws and interests of another nation; but he asks their release in the name of the British People, and on the ground that clemency "is a grace which it can never be otherwise than honorable to ask and honorable to grant."

We know not what answer our Government would return. Great Britain regards Smith O'Brien and his associates as grave offenders; but at the solicitation of our Government, which does not so regard them, she releases them. No matter, then, though our Government may regard Drayton and Sayres as grave offenders, how could it help exercising clemency towards them, at the request of Great Britain, which does not so regard them?

We bring this matter to the attention of the People, not to embarrass the generous movement in favor of the Irish prisoners. God prosper that and every other honorable and humane movement! But let us be consistent; while pleading for mercy, let us be merciful. Let a republican Government show the noble attribute to which, in a monarchical Government, it is called upon to appeal.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES—MR. FILLMORE.

The question asked in Georgia, concerning the late election there, is, "Whose victory is it?" The Washington *Union* seems to claim it for the Democrats, regarding Mr. Cobb as in full membership with the National Democratic party. Respectable Democratic and Whig journals in Georgia pronounce it, if not a Whig, at least an Administration victory, inasmuch as Whigs and Democrats co-operated cordially in sustaining the great policy of the Administration, *the Compromise, and the Fugitive Law.* This was the real issue of the struggle, and the ground assumed by Mr. Cobb and his friends was certainly Administration ground. A similar remark is made of the present contest in Mississipi, in which Mr. Foote clearly takes the side of the Administration. What may be the action of these gentlemen when the emergency shall have passed, is not of course known, though the Washington *Union* predicts that they will be found operating in the ranks of the National Democracy. On the contrary, the *Savannah Georgian* prophecies that "they will *not* go into the Baltimore Convention, and will *not* support its nominees;" and the *Federal* (Ga.) *Union* says—"The *Union* may as well give up the game. Fillmore is the first choice of the Union party of Georgia for the next President."

Why should he not be? Have they not every reason to confide in him? Is he not identified with the policy on the strength of which they have just succeeded in both Georgia and Mississippi? What Democratic candidate for the Presidency has done so much in support of it? Buchanan was against the Compromise and for the line of 36 degrees 30 minutes—an impracticable measure. General Cass advocated strenuously, for a long time, the right of the People to form a Territorial Government for themselves, and regulate their own domestic institutions, and denied all power in Congress to legislate over them. Of course, his doctrine involved the assumption of a right in the People of a Territory to exclude slavery, and was therefore repudiated by Mr. Calhoun, and the supporters of Southern rights generally. Beyond all doubt, had it not been for Mr. Fillmore's accession to the Presidency, and the efforts of his Administration, the Compromise and Fugitive Law would have never passed; in fact, the passage of those measures and their full enforcement has been the signal achievements of this Administration. With what unrelenting zeal it has labored to make the Fugitive Law a living spirit, let orders to the army and navy, Presidential proclamations, instructions to District Attorneys, prosecutions for Treason, testify: and can any Southern man, who has observed the appointment of slaveholders as Governors and Judges of the Territories of Utah and New Mexico, doubt of its determination to afford to the South every facility for extending its peculiar institution?

It would be impossible for the Union party of the South to find a safer man than Mr. Fillmore. Deeds, not words alone, are his vouchers, though his special organ abounds in words too. Additional pledges from him will not be needed. Look at the action of the National Whigs, at the North—their repudiation of all anti-slavery sentiment and of all fellowship with anti-slavery men, their fixed determination to suppress agitation, and to conciliate by all possible concessions the Slaveholding Interest—nearly the South is indebted to the Administration for all this. Not so effectual was the Administration of James K. Polk in repressing the anti-slavery sentiment in the Democratic party.

Why, then, we ask, should not the Union party of the South, embracing both Whigs and Democrats, support Mr. Fillmore for another Presidential term? We are not sure but that the Georgia papers will turn out to be true prophets. Messrs. Cobb and Foote will find it difficult to show cause for not sustaining Mr. Fillmore, should he appear as a candidate for another term.

The *Union* has hard work before it. How can it make head against an Administration, whose leading measures it zealously advocates, as of paramount interest to the South? It is working from day to day with a view to unite the Democracy of all the States on the platform of approbation of the Compromise and Fugitive Law. Its whole action tends, with other causes, to force these measures into the next Presidential contest, and to make the hinge upon adhesion to them. And yet it would array the Democracy against an Administration which secured the passage of these measures, which has steadfastly maintained them, and which, we all all know, will continue to maintain them by the whole weight of its patronage and power!

Conscious of the weakness of its position, it is beginning to question Mr. Fillmore's orthodoxy on the Slavery Question; but this is labor thrown away. It is nonsense to republish old letters, betraying anti-slavery affinities. There is scarcely a distinguished politician in Virginia who could not be arraigned as a heretic on similar evidence. The late Governor McDowell in 1831, in the Virginia Convention, uttered sentiments as strongly anti-slavery as those expressed by Mr. Fillmore, a few years later; and so did Mr. Ritchie, then editor of the *Richmond* (Va.) *Enquirer*: but one was trusted and honored by the Southern Democracy up to the hour of his death, and the other is still recognised as a chosen leader.

Times change and men change with them. Present deeds, not past professions, determine present character and purposes. Tried by this standard, Mr. Fillmore is as safe a President, as far as slavery is concerned, as any man the South could present.

Nor will it do to refer to the questionable action or non-action of Whigs in certain localities at the North, who are still regarded and treated as supporters of the Administration. Such an argument is a two-edged sword. Democrats at the North, recognised as in good standing by the Washington *Union*, are equally culpable. The Democracy of Ohio, and of Massachusetts is of very doubtful reputation: its conditions are no more sweet smelling in the nostrils of the South than those of certain Northern Whigs. If Northern Whigs have sent Mr. Seward to the Senate, Messrs. Chase and Sumner would not have been enrolled among its members, but for the votes of Democrats, in opposition to Whig votes.

A few days since, a carefully prepared editorial nearly eight columns long, designed to show how much more trustworthy are the Democrats than the Whigs of the North on the Slavery Question, appeared in the columns of the Washington *Union*. The columns of the *Republic* has often groaned under the weight of arguments, proving just as conclusively that on this Question the Whigs of the North are much safer than their Democratic brethren. A candid reader of both papers is forced to acknowledge that, whatever else may have been proved, one fact at least has been incontrovertibly established—and that is, that neither party can be trusted on the great Question of Human Rights.

To expose the deceptive representations of the Washington *Union* in the article referred to, we shall examine some of its statements.

It contrasts with pride the position of the Democracy, with that of the Whigs, of New York. What is the difference between them? The Whigs pledge implicit obedience to all laws of Congress, including the Fugitive Law, and a complete acquiescence in all the Adjustment measures—merely affirming the right, which no one denies, of discussing and seeking the repeal or modification of any Law. They go further, and approve, without qualification, the course of the Administration, which stands committed to those measures without repeal or modification; and then, nominate a ticket of anti-slavery and pro-slavery men in equal pro portions. The Democrats also pledge acquiescence and obedience, and then reaffirm the Baltimore resolutions; but the leading journals of the larger section of the party declare that the Baltimore resolution concerning non-interference with questions of Slavery, was intended to refer, and does refer only to Slavery as existing under State authority. Corroborating this construction by act, the Democratic Convention nominates a ticket, composed, with a single exception, of that class of Democrats who are committed against the extension of slavery.

We need not say that *these facts are left out of view by the Union.*

Again—this paper is entirely satisfied with the resolves of the State Democratic Convention of New Hampshire, which go not one unit beyond the ground taken by the Whigs of New York and Pennsylvania. The Whigs of New York say—

"That the Whigs of this State will abide by the Constitution of the United States in all its parts, and that they will receive its true meaning and construction from the judicial tribunals it has created for that purpose, and will always sustain and defend such decisions, as the law of the land, until they are revered by the same tribunals."

"That laws of Congress and the State Legislatures, pronounced constitutional by the judicial tribunals, must be enforced and implicitly obeyed.

"That all who are animated by a sincere desire to preserve the Union unimpaired, and the free institutions which it sustains and guaranties, by which alone individual security and national prosperity can be perpetuated, must condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual, any laws passed by constitutional majorities of legislative bodies, in which the People of the States concerned; and that the Whigs of New York will ever be found prompt to render a patriotic acquiescence in all such laws.

"That the National Administration is entitled to the confidence and support of the Whigs of New York, for the eminent ability and patriotism which have characterized its measures."

The Whigs of Pennsylvania resolve:

"That the Government and people of Pennsylvania are loyal to the National Constitution, and are ready at all hazards to carry its provisions into effect; to assert otherwise is a libel upon the fair fame of the citizens of the Commonwealth.

"That the adjustment measures of the last Congress shall be faithfully observed and respected by the South."

The resolutions do not satisfy the *Union*, but the following, by the New Hampshire Democrats, it commends, as "fully and thoroughly" sustaining the Compromise, &c.:

"3. That the Democratic party of 1851 preserves and will forever maintain its unalterable devotion to the Union, the whole Union, and every part of the Union.

"4. That we regard the recent adjustment of the great questions that so violently agitated the public mind throughout the existence of the Union as the best, if not the only, result which could be attained consistently with the peace and the honor of the country.

"5. That we heartily respond to the wise and patriotic counsel of his Excellency the Governor, contained in his recent annual message to the Legislature, wherein he says: 'The measures of compromise have now become a part of the statutes of the land, and every consideration of good faith and sound policy requires that they should be sustained.'

"6. That unconditional obedience to constituted laws is the duty of the citizen every good citizen; to support and defend them is his highest glory, and nothing else so much as this can tend to make his country prosperous and distinguished among the nations."

Tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee! Other differences between the two old parties, *as stated by their respective partisans*, are, for the most part, just as appreciable as their difference on the Slavery Question.

"In the State of Ohio," says the *Union*, "the Whigs have emphatically repudiated the Compromise, and in the May measure"—having passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That, as the Compromise measures were not recommended by a Whig Administration, and were not passed as party measures by Congress, perfect toleration of opinion respecting those measures should be accorded to Whigs everywhere."

Aye—but what did the Democratic State Convention do? That is a question not answered in the *Union*. Not a word has it to say of its action or non-action. The reason is plain. It would *not* approve the Compromise or Fugitive Law; it would *not* recommend acquiescence in either; but it *did* reaffirm resolutions, adopted by two successive Democratic State Conventions, recognising slavery as an evil, and the duty of the Democracy to seek its limitation and final extinction by all constitutional means.

What a violation, then, of all truth and fair-dealing to represent Mr. Fillmore as unworthy of slaveholding support, on account of the questionable action of some of his Northern supporters! Every intelligent man knows, what the record shows, that the great body of his friends at the North occupy precisely that ground, which, when occupied by Democrats, the *Union* regards as entitling the latter to the confidence and alliance of the slaveholders.

Now, if the passage and enforcement of the Fugitive Law and Compromise, be the principal measures of the Administration, and these measures transcend in the judgment of the slaveholders, represented by the Washington *Union*, all other measures in importance, why should this journal and its friends array themselves against the Administration? We repeat, a safer man on these points cannot be chosen, than Mr. Fillmore, and the opposition of the *Union* reasonable men will be apt to attribute to some other than a patriotic motive. But, if Mr. Fillmore be so deserving of the support of slaveholders, how can maintaining their supremacy in the National Councils, on what ground are his claims to the confidence of Anti-Slavery voters to be urged? How are we to regard that party at the North which sustains and sanctions, without qualification, his Administration? With what decency can it deny that at this moment it is the most potent bulwark of of this slave power? Will it dare, then, to look an honest Anti-Slavery voter in the face, and ask his support?

These questions we hope to see satisfactorily answered by the results of the election about to be held in Massachusetts—that State which from its position, its history, and character, must always exert a controlling influence over the destinies of the cause of human freedom.

THE WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

——"How vast a work
To assail this gray pre-eminence of man!"

The *New York Tribune* contains a full account of the late "Women's Rights Convention" held at Worcester, Massachusetts. It seems to have been largely attended, and conducted with a much greater degree of decorum and propriety. Its resolutions, addresses, reports, and letters of correspondents, are in general moderate in tone and language, and characterized by directness and the good old Saxon elements of common sense and plain speaking. The objects aimed at are calmly and succinctly stated; and the wrongs complained of set forth without cant, extravagance, or ill-nature. In short, we find very little in the reported proceedings to justify the small witticisms in which some of our brethren of the press have indulged in anticipation of this somewhat novel convocation. Indeed, we very much doubt whether a Convention of the editorial fraternity would have passed off more creditably than this congress of women, in respect to some of those very traits of which a monopoly is claimed by the masculine gender.

The pith and point of the entire movement is to be found in a demand on the part of the Convention for themselves and their sex, of the right of suffrage or equality before the law, as embodied in the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That, while we would not undervalue other methods, the right of suffrage for women is, in our opinion, the corner stone of this enterprise, since we do not seek to protect woman, but rather to place her in a condition to protect herself."

Under the circumstances of the case, this certainly looks like a bold demand; but it would be difficult to show that it asks more than is implied in the Democratic theory of our Government. Even under the old colonial system in one, at least, of the original States of the Confederacy, women, who were freeholders, on the acknowledged principle of the proper connection of representation and taxation, enjoyed the right of voting, and frequently exercised it. We mention this fact to relieve the apprehensions of some of contemporaries. There is indeed, no very decided prospect of a speedy realization of the object of the Women's Rights Convention; but, for our part, it is somewhat remarkable that this portentous conjunction of "the ballot and the petticoat" might take place without seriously disturbing the order of things, or bringing down upon us the reign of "Chaos and Old Night." Come what may, Nature is inexorable; she will reverse none of her laws at the bidding of male or female Conventions; and men and women, with or without the right of suffrage, will continue to be men and women still. In the event of the repeal of certain ungenerous, not to say unmanly, enactments, limiting and abridging the rights and privileges of women, we may safely confide in the adaptive powers of Nature. She will take care of the new fact in her own way, and reconcile it to the old, through the operation of her attractive or repellant forces. Let us, then, not be afraid to listen to the claims and demands of those who, in some sort at least, represent the feelings and interests of those nearest and dearest to us. Let Oliver ask for more. It is scarcely consistent with our assumed superiority to imitate the horror and wide-orbed consternation of Mr. Bumble and his parochial associates, on a similar occasion.

For the purpose of showing in a brief space the extent of the claims and expectations of the Convention, we make the following extract from a well-written report on the subject of education:

"Let it suffice for this whole argument, that we do not claim for women parallelism, equality, or superiority of sexual gifts or capacities, but office as against men, but we merely claim the freedom of her proper life, whatever that may prove to be upon fair trial. We claim the privilege and the right to open to woman all her powers in the eruditions and with the helps most favorable for the possibilities of growth, and the full play of all those hopes, incentives, and prospects, whose monopoly has developed man into her master, and enslaved and degraded her in the proportion that they have been withheld from her."

J. G. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We are indebted to Tickner, Reed, & Fields, for "Bayard Taylor's Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," and for R. H. Stoddard's new volume of poetry—the latter containing the fine, imaginative poem of "The Castle in the Air," a happy and rich specimen of aerial architecture, quaint, delicate, and voluptuous, such as the "Bard of the Castle of Indolence" might have enjoyed in his vision

"Of dreams that flit before the half-closed eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

Some of the minor poems are characterized by a peculiar delicacy of fancy and expression. The following picture of a sea-side scene, on a moonlight night, is worthy of Tennyson:

"The yellow moon looks slantly down
Through seaward mists upon the town;
And, like a mist, the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

"I see a crowd in every street,
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like ghosts across shade and light,
And scem a portion of the night.

"The ships have lain for ages fled
Along the waters, dark and dead;
The dying waters watch no more
The long black line of spectral shore.

"There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only scems.
Within some dead old world of dreams!"

To Bayard Taylor's book we cannot now do justice. As one of the early appreciators of his rare gifts, we feel an honest pride in his growing reputation, which has already more than redeemed the promise that his most sanguine friends made in his behalf on his first appearance as a writer. There are poems in the present volume which any American writer might be proud to own. We call the attention of the reader to "The Fountain in Winter," "The Pine Forest of Monterey," "Sorrowful Music," and "The Metempsychosis of the Pine," in support of our opinion. The ballad of "Amalfi" is full of picturesque beauty of description, and has the genuine tenderness of Nature. If it had no other merit, it would deserve honorable mention as the foundation of that admirable parody, "The Ballad of Martha Hopkins," which is every way the best specimen of an American idyl we have yet met with. The energetic and enterprising author of these poems is now on his way to Nineveh, and thence to that unsearched goal of the world's travellers, the true source of the Nile. No idle dreamer, but a man of action, as well as thought; if his life and health are spared a few years longer, he will leave his mark upon his age, not merely as a gifted poet, but as a brave and successful explorer of the dark places of the earth.

J. G. W.

HOMICIDE CASE IN CLARKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Some time since, the newspapers of Virginia contained an account of a horrible tragedy, enacted in Clarke county, of that State. A slave of Colonel James Castleman, it was stated, had been chained by the neck, and whipped to death by his master, on the charge of stealing. The whole neighborhood in which the transaction occurred was incensed; the Virginia papers abounded in denunciations of the cruel act; and the People of the North were called upon to bear witness to the justice which would surely be meted out in a slave State to the master of a slave. We did not publish the account. The case was horrible; it was, we were confident, exceptional; it should not be taken as evidence of the general treatment of slaves; we chose to delay our notice until the Courts should pronounce their judgment, and we could announce at once the crime and its punishment, so that the State might stand acquitted of the foul deed.

Those who were so shocked at the transaction will be surprised and mortified to hear that the actors in it have been tried, and *acquitted;* and when they read the following account of the trial and verdict, published at the instance of the friends of the accused, their mortification will deepen into bitter indignation:

From the Spirit of Jefferson.

COLONEL JAMES CASTLEMAN.—The following statement, understood to have been drawn up by counsel, since the trial, has been placed by the friends of this gentleman in our hands for publication.

At the Circuit Superior Court of Clarke county, commencing on the 13th of October, Judge Samuels presiding, James Castleman and his son Stephen Castleman were indicted jointly for the murder of negro Lewis, property of the latter. By advice of their counsel, the parties elected to be tried separately, and the Attorney for the Commonwealth directed that James Castleman should be tried first.

It was proved on this trial, that for many months previous to the occurrence, the money drawer of the tavern kept by Stephen D. Castleman, and the liquors kept in large quantities in his cellar, had been pillaged from time to time, until the thefts had attained to a considerable amount, and from various causes been directed to Lewis, and another negro named Reuben, (a blacksmith,) the property of James Castleman; but by the aid of two of the house servants they had eluded the most vigilant watch.

On the 20th of August last, in the afternoon, S. D. Castleman accidentally discovered a clue, by means of a key, and through one of the house servants implicated, he was enabled fully to detect the depredators, and to ascertain the manner in which the theft had been committed. He immediately sent for his father, living near him, and after examining what he had discovered, it was determined that the offenders should be punished at once, and before they should know of the discovery that had been made.

Lewis was punished first; and in a manner as was fully shown, to preclude all risk of injury to his person, by stripes with a broad leathern strap. The stripes were inflicted by what he had discovered, it was determined that the offenders should be punished at once, and before they should know of the discovery that had been made.

Lewis was punished first; and in a manner as was fully shown, to preclude all risk of injury to his person, by stripes with a broad leathern strap. The stripes were inflicted by what he had been told by means disproportionate to his offence, nor was it pretended in any quarter, that this punishment implicated either his life or health. He confessed the offence, and admitted that he had been effected by false keys, furnished by the blacksmith, Reuben.

The latter servant was punished immediately afterwards, and in a manner that he was the principal offender, and he was found to be more obdurate and contumacious than Lewis had been, in reference to the offence. Thus it was proved, both by the prosecution and the defence, that he was punished with greater severity than his accomplice. It resulted in a like confession from this party, and he produced the false key, one fashioned by himself, by which the theft had been effected.

It was further shown on the trial, that Lewis was whipped in the upper room of a warehouse, connected with Stephen Castleman's store, and near the public road, where he was at work at the time; that after he had been flogged, he secure his person, whilst they went after Reuben, he was found merely tied to and around his neck, which was attached to a joist above his head. The length of this chain, the breadth and thickness of the joist, its height from the floor, and the height of Lewis from the neck, were accurately measured; and it was thus shown that the chain unoccupied by the circlet and the joist was a foot and a half longer than the space between the floor and the joist above, or to that extent the chain hung loose above him; that the circlet (which was fastened so as to prevent its contraction) was of such a size that when the chain being sufficiently drawn only to prevent being slipped over his head, and that there was no other place in the room to which he could be fastened, except to one of the joists above. His hands were tied in front—a white man, who had been at work with Lewis during the day, was left with him by the Messrs. Castleman, for the purpose of his detention, whilst they were absent, after Reuben.

It was proved by this man, (who was a witness for the prosecution,) that Lewis asked for a box to stand on, that he might reach the cord, jump off from; that after the Castlemans had left him, he expressed a fear when they came back that I would be whipped again; and said if he had a knife, and could get one hand loose, he would cut his throat."

The punishment that could drive him to such desperation must have been horrible.

How long they were absent, we know not, for the testimony on this point is contradictory. They found him hanging by the neck, dead; his feet thrown behind him, his knees a few inches from the floor, and his head thrown forward—just the position he would naturally fall into had he died from exhaustion. That wish it to appear that he hung himself could this be proved, (we need hardly say that it not,) it would relieve but slightly the dark picture of their guilt. The probability is that he sunk, exhausted by suffering, fatigue, and fear. As to the testimony of "surgeons," founded upon a post mortem examination of the brain and blood vessels, "that the subject could not have fainted before strangulation," it is not worthy of consideration. We know something of the fallacies and fooleries of such examinations.

From all we can learn, the only evidence relied on by the prosecution was that white man employed by the Castlemans. He was dependent upon them for work. Other evidence might have been obtained; why it was not, is for the Prosecuting Attorney to explain. To prove what so say, and to show that justice has not been done in this horrible affair, we publish the following communication from an old and highly respectable citizen of this place, and who is very far from being an Abolitionist or Abolitionists whom he mentions are well known here, and would have promptly appeared in the case, had the Prosecution, which was aware of their readiness, summoned them.

To the Editor of the Era:

I see that Castleman, who lately had a trial for whipping a slave to death in Virginia, was "*triumphantly acquitted*"—as many expected There were three persons in this city, with whom I am acquainted who staid at Castleman's the same night in which this awful tragedy was enacted. They heard the dreadful lashing and the corresponding screams and entreaties of the sufferer. They could not sleep in consequence; they could find on the premises, not engaged in the bloody work, to interpose, but for a long time he refused; on the ground that he was a slaveholder

These persons would have been material witnesses, and would have willingly attended on the part of the prosecution. The knowledge they had of the case was communicated to the proper authorities, yet their attendance was not required. The only witness was that dependent who considered his own life in danger.

Yours, &c. J. F.

The account, as published by the friends of the accused parties, shows a case of extreme cruelty. The statements made by our correspondent prove that the truth has not been fully revealed, and that justice has been baffled. The result of the trial shows how irresponsible is the power of a master over his slave, and that whatever security the latter has, is to be sought in the humanity of the former, not in the guarantics of law. Against the cruelty of an inhuman master, he has really no safeguard.

Our conduct in relation to this case, deferring all notice of it in our columns till a legal investigation could be had, shows that we are not disposed to be captious towards our slaveholding countrymen. In no unkind spirit have we examined this lamentable case, but we must expose the utter repugnance of the slave-system to the proper administration of justice. The newspapers of Virginia generally publish the account from the *Spirit of Jefferson*, without comment. They are evidently not satisfied that justice was done; they doubtless will deny that the accused were guilty of homicide, legally; but they will not deny that they were guilty of an atrocity which should brand them forever, in a Christian country.

MOVEMENTS OF KOSSUTH — RUMORS, ETC.

The movements of Kossuth are observed with extreme vigilance and distrust by the Absolute Powers of Europe, and criticised with severity by all those, whether in this country or in Europe, who sympathize more with their pretensious than with the rights of the People.

Austria protests against his release, threatens Turkey, burns him in effigy, denounces England for the honors she proposes to bestow upon him, and instructs her Minister to withdraw from London should Palmerston grant an audience to the exile. France, or rather the petty tyrant who lords it over France, dreads his presence on her soil, and refuses him the poor privilege of passing through her domain to England. The *London Times*, the foe of Republican institutions, the libeller of this country, the apologist of Europena Despotism, denounces and disparages him so as to throw cold water on the enthusiasm of the British People in his favor. Certain American journals, always distrustful of revolutionary men and movements, publish extracts of letters from unknown correspondents, exhibiting Kossuth as a rash, egotistical man, not entitled to the admiration so generally felt in this country for his character and talents. Everywhere there would seem to be a concerted effort to weaken the influence against the great Hungarian and his cause.

The *Newark Daily Advertiser* publishes the following letter, which, it says, is from "an American friend at Marseilles, formerly an honorable member of Congress:"

MARSEILLES, *October* 12, 1851.

We reached this place a few days ago, just as Kossuth and his party left it. His appearance here seems to have occasioned considerable excitement, and everything relating to him is regarded with interest at home, you will doubtless be glad to receive some particulars concerning the brief visit, which are not likely to be generally known. When the frigate Mississippi arrived at this port, Kossuth at once desire to leave her, and go to England through France, though he was unprovided with the necessary passports that would enable him to pass through the country as a private citizen, like all passengers or travellers. He nevertheless applied to the United States Consul, (John L. Hodge, Esq.,) through Captain Long, of the frigate, to intercede in his behalf; and at his earnest request, Mr. Hodge obtained permission from the Prefet of the city for him and all his companions to come ashore, upon making himself personally responsible (for the whole) that there should be no public demonstration of disturbance. Upon this pledge, they were permitted to come to the city; and Kossuth's request for permission to travel through the country was communicated by telegraph to Paris, and refused by letter from the Minister of the Interior.

This refusal, and the requirement through Mr. Hodge of the pledge not to quit their regular excitement, appear to have roused the excitable temper of the Hungarian to the highest pitch; and in a letter to the Consul, who had done everything in his power to serve and oblige him, he complained bitterly, and denounced his conduct and that of Captain Long, proverbially one of the most mild, consientious, and obliging officers in the navy, and who, withal, exerted everything in his power to make the voyage agreeable to the exiles, placing his best apartments at the service of their distinguished leader and his family. In this letter, he says: "I will leave the ship at the first port at which it will stop," which he justly supposes will be Gibraltar. "I will then go," he adds, "by some private conveyance to the United States, and I take occasion to thank you having profited by the hospitality of your Government vessel, by the publication of this letter, which I have the honor to send you a copy of, and will confidently await the judgment of the public opinion of the United States."

Now. from all the testimony I have been able to collect, after some effort, I am confident that there is no just cause whatever for this extraordinary complaint of the officers of the Frigate or of the Consul; and when the whole history of Kossuth's conduct since he came under the protection of our flag comes to be known, it will, I am confident, be found that he has no ground to be dissatisfied, to say nothing more. It may go to show that he never intended to go to the United States, as it is certain that he has repeatedly expressed his desire to go to England, and remained with a view of perfecting his plans to effect a general revolution in continental Europe, and give freedom to all peoples, which he supposes to be his appointed mission. Several Hungarians sojourning here tell me he never intended to go to America, which is too far removed from the theatre of his future operations.

He went the Ministerial letter refusing him a passport to the editor of *Le Peuple*, an ultra Red Republican paper here, and it was published with editorial remarks of so exciting a character that the authorities caused the whole edition to be suppressed. This was among the direct violations of the American Consul's pledge, founded upon Kossuth's promises. He also published a proclamation "to the Democracy of Marseilles," which you have doubtless seen in the English papers.

L.

This ex-honorable, as may be easily seen, is no friend to Kossuth. There is a studied attempt throughout the letter to depreciate him, to exaggerate trifles against him, and at last it ventures upon charging him with bad faith, if not falsehood. If the extract of the letter said to be written by Kossuth, be authentic, then it would appear that there was some kind of a misunderstanding between Kossuth and the American Consul: but this gentleman must have shown the letter to the correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser*, or to some one, from whom he obtained the report—and the presumption is strong that the whole version of the misunderstanding, as given by L., was furnished by the Consul himself. Why this anxiety to forestall public opinion in this country in relation to the disagreement between him and Kossuth, by an *ex parte* statement? "He that is first in his own cause appeareth right; but after him cometh his neighbor and searcheth him." A candid public, admitting that there has been some difficulty between the illustrious Hungarian, our guest so long as he is under the stars and stripes, and the American Consul, will suspend its judgment till all the facts have been submitted to its scrutiny. It will not give credence to one-sided reports, evidently colored by a partisan spirit, against a man whose career, though revolutionary, has been marked by moderation and magnanimity.

On a re-examination of this anonymous letter, we find some things, even in its partial statements, which make a different impression on us, from that which they were evidently designed to produce. Mr. Hodge, it is said, obtained permission from the Prefet of Marseilles, for Kossuth and his companions "to come ashore upon making himself personally responsible (for the whole) that there should be no public demonstration or disturbance." There was no disturbance, but there was a "demonstration." That is, the French People, who love liberty, crowded to see its champions, driven into exile by a drivelling Despot. How could Kossuth help this? And was it against such a manifestation of popular regard for liberty as this, that the Consul of the American People gave his personal guaranty? If so, he did a very absurd thing; he did what he had no right to do, and that for which Kossuth owed him no thanks. He had no right to pledge himself or Kossuth to prevent what he must have known he had no power over—an outburst of popular gratitude to a great popular leader.

The ex-honorable says that Kossuth sent the Ministerial Letter, refusing him a passport, to "*Le Peuple*;" "an ultra Red Republican paper:" That is to say, a journal which advocates real republicanism against the charlatanry of Louis Napoleon. We can see nothing criminal or indecorous in this, but the ex-honorable informs us, that "this was among the direct violations of the American Consul's pledge, which, as stated by L., was that there should be "no public demonstration nor disturbance"—and we are not informed that he was authorized to make even this, by Kossuth: but suppose that he were, how could the publication of the refusal to allow Kossuth to pass through France, amount to a "public demonstration?"

If we mistake not, our officials abroad stand in a little too much awe of European Despots, and betray an over-anxiety lest the United States should be compromitted in relation to them. We cannot understand how our Government should be compromitted by the outburst of enthusiasm towards Kossuth in Marseilles, by the appearance in the columns of a French paper of the note refusing him a passage through France, or even by his Letter to the Democrats of Marseilles. Is the American Consul or Captain Long arraigned before us, on these grounds, he had ample cause for dissatisfaction. What should we think of the British Government, should it undertake, the moment the Hungarian should land upon its shores, to prohibit him from writing letters or making speeches, asserting the great principles of Liberty, exposing and defying Oppression? An American Consul attempting to restrain the pen and tongue of Kossuth! Faugh!

If a letter to the Democrats of Marseilles, from the Hungarian sheltered under our flag, compromitted the neutrality of this country, how much more was it compromitted when it received the proscribed patriot on our soil by national vessels, and pledged its protection to him, in defiance of the claims and impotent rage of Austria!

Here is another representation of similar brand, emanating from an anonymous source in Paris:

"Mr. Rivos, our Minister at Paris, told me to-day that he had received orders from the American Consul at Marseilles of the circumstances I have above mentioned. I have it from sure; the news had spread among the Americans like wild-fire. It appears that a misunderstanding has arisen between Kossuth and the officers of the Mississippi, arising from Kossuth's proceedings at Marseilles. They were anxious, naturally enough, that he should, on landing in a national ship, should do nothing which might compromise the National Government in regard to its relations with a friendly power. Kossuth, it is said, took offence at these very proper representations, and left the ship and landed at Gibraltar.

"It is very probable Kossuth has been led to an error of judgment, something like that of the fly on the wheel in the fable, when the fly, thinking that it raised the dust, said to the wheel, 'What a sensation I make! what a dust I kick up in the world!' Such errors of judgment are very common among frail mortality. It all seems, in the subject is pregnant, and the fast to be lamented."

The flippancy of the last paragraph shows the shallowness of the writer. Now, it so happens, that Kossuth left the Mississippi at Gibraltar, because he wished to visit England to make his acknowledgments for the efforts of that Power for his release, and the Mississippi could not, consistently with her orders, convey him thither. He left for the purpose of taking passage on another vessel, the Mississippi meanwhile remaining at Gibraltar, ready to bring him to our shores on his return to that place. This is the whole of it, and we see no mystery nor misunderstanding. Kossuth has by no means done more for his release than any other nation, and it is his duty to show his gratitude to her before leaving Europe.

In due time we hope that the country will be informed of what has taken place during the voyage of Kossuth, so that the insidious attempts of anonymous scribblers to depreciate and injure the Hungarian exile, may be fully exposed. Kossuth is not perfect; who is? But his entire public career shows, thus far, that he is a wise statesman, a sagacious revolutionist, an exalted patriot, a good man. Without being carried away by admiration of him, we honor him as one of the few men who have distinguished themselves by their devotion to the Rights of Mankind, and we shall not give credence to reports unfavorable to him, unless sustained by better testimony than that of secret fres and gossiping newsmongers.

SLAVERY.—An illustration of the working of the "peculiar institution" may be found in the following decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee:

"Frederick, a slave of Colonel Patton, of the Forks of Holston, with his master's consent, enlisted and fought through the war of the American Revolution. On the 8th of August, 1811, as Frederick's name was found on the muster roll, a warrant was issued to Frederick, giving him the soldier's bounty of one thousand acres of land. The question before the court was, whether the land belonged to Frederick or his master. Judge Catron's decision is in these words: 'Frederick, the slave of Colonel Patton, earned this warrant by his services in the Continental Line. What is earned by the slave belongs to the master, by the common law, the civil law, and the recognized rules of property in the slaveholding States of this Union.'"

This decision will hardly be considered in accordance with the injunction contained in Col. iv, and 1st.: "Master, give unto your servant that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."

SALT CAN'T SAVE THEM.—The Albany *Register*, Mr. Fillmore's organ, says:

"*Salt*—Since the city of Syracuse has repudiated the Constitution, and cast off its allegiance to the Union, of course it can no longer claim to enjoy their benefits; and accordingly, the New York *Express* says that, inasmuch as both the Syracuse and Onondaga salt, under a protection of an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. imposed by Congress on foreign salt, the duty should now be taken off. The farmers of the northern, southern, and western counties would hold up both hands for that. They have long been in favor, also, of a repeal of the discriminating canal tolls imposed on foreign salt."

The New York *Express* evidently snuffs treason in the air of Syracuse. Although favoring a protective tariff, it objects to the 20 per cent. duty on salt made at Syracuse. It would abrogate the duty in order to convert the refractory Syracusans from the error of their way, and convince them of the humanity of the Fugitive Slave Law. The New Syracuse Daily *Journal* recommends another mode of punishment. It says:

"The better way would probably be to send on a Government agent, and let him drive a plug into the spring, and thus shut off the supply of brine at once."

LITERARY NOTICES.

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By the author of "Sam Slick." &c. For sale by Franck Taylor, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

Haliburton attempts to show in this volume, from a survey of the early history of the English colonies in America, and of the peculiarities of the colonists, why a Democratic system became a necessity, and has succeeded so well in the United States; and he argues strenuously against its success among People differently situated and of a different character. His preferences are all for a monarchy supported by a proud nobility. A genuine republican will find much in his views to dissent from.

FOREST LIFE AND FOREST TREES. By John S. Springer. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale at Gunton's.

The author informs us that he was reared among the pine forests of Maine, and that when he commenced writing, it was simply with a view to indulge in agreeable reminiscences, and live over again a life of wilderness adventure. But, as he proceeded, the idea of making a book suggested itself, and the present volume is the result. And a very entertaining one it is, opening to us a comparatively new world, making us acquainted with the pursuits, hardships, and thrilling adventures, of the laborious and daring lumbermen.

GLANCES AT EUROPE. By Horace Greeley. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. For sale as above.

Mr. Greeley, it will be recollected, during his late tour through Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, &c., furhished letters for his paper—the *Tribune*—containing notices of the people, institutions, and industrial pursuits of the countries through which he passed. These have been collected in a volume of 350 pages, and issued under the title of Glances at Europe. Mr. Greeley, where his partisan feelings do not obscure his vision, can generally see as much at a glance as anybody else, and tell what he sees in a plain, ingenuous, expressive style. His letters are valuable, containing much more solid and practical matter than is usually found in the notes of tourists.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. By Agnes Strickland. Volume 2. For sale as above.

The second volume of this work (previously noticed in our columns) contains the lives of Mary of Lorraine, second Queen of James V and of the Lady Margaret Douglass. The history of the Queens of Scotland generally possesses a tragic interest, which is vividly brought out in these able and spirited volumes.

CALIFORNIA.—The Cherokee arrived at New York last Saturday, from Chagres, with upwards of two million dollars of gold. A terrible riot, in which several lives were lost, had occurred at Chagres, between the natives and some returning Californians. The general news from California is unimportant. The returns of the election show the choice of Bigler, the Democratic candidate for Governor, by some 1,500 majority. All the Democratic candidates on the State ticket, and the Democratic candidates for Congress, are elected; the Democrats have also a majority in the Legislature. The whole vote polled is about 45,000.

Accounts from the whaling fleet report fifteen vessels lost.

Painful reports of Indian depredations in Oregon had reached San Francisco. Many emigrants had been murdered on the Columbia river.

DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Free Soil District Convention, held October 28th, the following gentlemen were elected Delegates to the National Convention from the following District No. 1:

Dr. Sam'l. G. Howe, Hon. John C. Park, Dr. James W. Stone. *Substitutes*—John Grove, Esq., Bradford Sumner, Esq., Geo. F. Williams, Esq.

CITY ORDINANCE.—The authorities of this city have recently passed a stringent act relative to houses which retail spirituous liquors. For a license to sell or barter all kinds of spirituous liquors, wines, cordials, malt liquors, and cider, in quantities less than a pint, sixty dollars is to be paid, and the Mayor shall be fully satisfied of the legal responsibility and good character of the persons applying for licenses; besides, they must be recommended by a majority of the white housekeepers residing on the same side of the same square, and on the side of the square fronting opposite. The penalty for each infringement of the law to be not less than $10, nor more than $20; and in default of payment, the offender to be committed to the work-house for a term not exceeding ninety days. The law went into effect on the 1st of November.

HAYTI—FOREIGN INTERVENTION.—Late accounts from Hayti state that the English and French Consuls have threatened Soulouque, Emperor of Hayti, with a blockade of all his ports, unless he will pledge himself to desist from hostile attempts upon the eastern part of the island. We submit to our neighbors of the *Union*, whether this is foreign intervention or not, in violation of Mr. Monroe's policy. They have lately been calling the Administration to account for not protesting against the interference of France and England in support of the rights of Spain, their ally, in Cuba: how is it that they have no word to say of the remissess of our Government in relation to the interference of these nations, in our hemisphere, where no treaty requires or authorises their interference?

LATER FROM EUROPE.—The steamer Franklin arrived at New York last Sunday, with four days' later news from England. Cotton and flour had declined: the former, one-eighth of a penny.

Kossuth had not arrived at Southampton on the 21st. Affairs at Paris looked threatening. Louis Napoleon might gain something by his bold movement in favor of universal suffrage, but it was doubtful. The new Cabinet is thus announced: M. Bilault, Minister for Foreign Affairs; General Bour Jollier, Minister of War; M. Peanger, Minister of the Interior; M. Benoit Fould, Minister of Finance; M. Seguin, Minister of Public Works; M. Lavill, Minister of Commerce; M. Soyer, Minister of Justice; Admiral Parseval, Minister of Marine; and M. Giraud, Minister of Public Instruction.

THE ELECTION IN OHIO.—The *Ohio Statesman* publishes official returns from most of the counties in Ohio, and says that Wood's majority will between 25,000 and 30,000; and that Mr. Lewis, the Free Soil candidate, has received about 16,000 votes. The Free Soil vote for Van Buren in 1848 was 35,354. It is evident that the unusual majority for Wood results from the fact that he received a large Free Soil vote, while Vinton did not command the vote of his own party.

IMPORTANT FROM NORTHERN MEXICO—CAPTURE AND BURNING OF MATAMOROS.

New Orleans, November 2.—The attack on Matamoros by the revolutionists commenced on the 21st, and on the 23d Colonel Carvajal had possession of the city within four squares of the Plaza. The Government troops fled, but not without having other than anything else I have seen in Baltimore. This new Hall is two hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred wide, and thirty-eight feet high, and yet is fairly *crammed* with specimens of the manufacturing skill and enterprise of this city. The exhibition is a fine one throughout, and does great honor alike to Baltimore and her mechanics.

The opening of the Fair was signalized by the delivery of an instructive and eloquent address by John P. Kennedy, Esq. The exhibition was visited during the morning by General Winfield Scott, who was enthusiastically greeted as he entered and walked down the long and brilliant Hall. When at the furthest end, he made a brief speech to the large audience then assembled, and announced that it was a good taste and as prudent a vein as the several letters he has recently written in view of *probably* being a candidate for the next Presidency.

Yours, respectfully,

CURRENTE CALAMO.

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

MAKAWAO MANI, SANDWICH ISLANDS,
July 25, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I scarcely need tell you or your readers, that for the last few years everything has been fluctuating, exceedingly so. During the year 1849, most of the foreign residents, mechanics and merchants, were absent from their island homes, either digging gold or speculating in California. Nearly one half of the island, and about one half of the survivors returned, mostly poor and sickly. It was soon found that a better means of obtaining gold was at hand than digging for it in California—that it was in the soil of Hawaii, if it could be brought out. It was found that Hawaiian produce, vegetables, sugar, and syrup, were in great demand at San Francisco. Vessel after vessel visited the islands from this city of gold and enterprise, and others were fitted out from the islands. During this year, trade from the islands to the coast was high, speculation was rife; potatoes, sugar, and syrup, brought a full price, and had a quick sale. During 1850, things went on swimmingly. Many seemed to think that the millennium of commerce had dawned. I say of *commerce*, for I do not think that any of the very respectable number of the residents of Honolulu and some from other parts of the Hawaiian kingdom," met to take preliminary steps to the formation of an agricultural Society, and though such society was organized in August, yet I am sorry to say, that of the more than one hundred and twenty members of this society, previous to this, have attempted even to increase the agricultural productions of the islands. Certainly, there has been little, very little, increase of strength *to the thin* ranks of agriculturists. This is not perhaps strange, considering the character of the foreign community at the islands. Some thirty are missionaries or ex-missionaries, seamen's chaplains, assistant missionaries, &c. More than twenty are foreign merchants, each having extensive establishments. Here, too, are the consuls of all nations sending hither these officials—members of the king's cabinet, judges of our courts, physicians, and lawyers. While I think that much more agricultural activity could not have been expected of these gentlemen, members of the society, I still think that the fault is not very creditable to us as friends of Hawaiian improvement that the society comprise has found other channels than agricultural. I am sorry that I cannot furnish you with statistics on this subject. You would be surprised to find how extensive the mercantile business since the beginning of 1850. I can reckon up in my own neighborhood nearly twenty stores which occupy much of the attention of some of the foreigners. At Lahaina, at Hitchcock, from the door of his house on the little island of Molchai, I am told, can count five stores.* Allowing the increase on other islands to be as great as on Maui, there will probably be found no less than one hundred more stores than there were in January, 1850.

It did seem for a while that every foreigner on the islands would become a trader. During all the year 1850, business was lively; sugar and syrup and native productions high, and so of everything else. Kula, in my parish, was full of retailers—goods were in high demand, high, and others speculating. Irish potatoes at one time commanded $4, $5, and even $6, per barrel in the bush, ten or twelve miles from the sea-shore. Sometimes $50 per ton per barrel for taking them to the sea. Ordinary native women obtained $1 per day for filling carts with this vegetable. Money became exceedingly plenty, and all seemed to say, "My mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved." I had many fears for our people, lest this state of prosperity should prove their ruin, especially as in addition to the multitude of stores, shops were opened in every village, for the sale of rum or a vile compound called "beer," which produced drunkenness. I called as many of my people out on Wednesdays of each week as possible, and continually warned them of their danger. I also gave them work for the Lord—contributions, benevolence, monthly concert contributions, and anti-slavery contributions, and I raised $800 for a monthly concert. This seemed as clear gain, for *reverse* is the order of the day. The merchants from one end of the islands to the other are in the deepest embarrassment; and the planters, who combine the two characters, planter and merchant, are deeper in debt and embarrassment than the city merchant. Syrup, of which planters have a large quantity, will not sell *at any price*. There is no call for potatoes, though in some places they may grow, that thousands of barrels will probably decay in the ground, and be lost. The natives are entirely destitute of money, it having all been picked up by the traders; and if the traders are in the greatest distress, being unable to meet their pay of the planters, who cannot turn their produce into money. What greatly adds to the difficulty is, that parties in the scarcity of native productions, (kalo, sweet potatoes, yams, &c.,) natives having neglected to plant, for the sake of raising the Irish potato for the California market. What will be the result, no one can tell. We see not many stores in Honolulu and many of the merchants from bankruptcy. There is no sale for lands, except at great sacrifice; and unless something shall turn up to create a demand for syrup, sugar, vegetables, &c., there must be heavy failures and much distress.

You will have heard ere this reaches you of a great excitement in Australia. It seems that gold mines have been discovered in the vicinity of Sydney, New South Wales, and multitudes are rushing thither to grasp the shining ore. The Polynesian, our Government paper, of July 19th, gives copious extracts from the *Bathurst Free Press* and the Sydney *People's Advocate*, and remarks—"The receipt of this startling intelligence from Sydney created a great excitement in Honolulu, as in the promulgation, as was to have been expected. It became the town talk, in which everybody engaged. Conjectures in regard to the effects likely to be produced were freely made, and as a result five vessels were advertised in one day for the Australian gold mines." Four or five thousand bags of flour also changed hands on Monday, for shipment to Sydney. If you have not the *Polynesian*, send to Lewis Tappan, and he'll send the one for July 19.

You will see from the Sydney accounts that the country is in a state of great excitement, and that multitudes will be flocking there. Especially sheep farmers, will suffer greatly. One writing to Honolulu says: "In fact, the whole commercial fabric will be changed—and it is almost impossible for any commercial operation of what is to take place. I suppose we shall have a second California here. Life and property I trust will be protected, although I fear we shall have thousands of exprees from Van Dieman's Land, who will be here in a week—not none worse. The price of everything must rise." Since writing the above, my eye has fallen upon a paragraph which I quote as exhibiting the excitement that the gold mines of California. "From the foregoing relation of facts, some idea may be formed of the state of our town and district. In sober seriousness, the times are out of joint.' The wisest men are mere children in the matter, and are as little aware how it will end. At the present time, many of the poor people of the town are suffering for want of bread, yet the assured thirst for gold is impelling with headlong madness hundreds away from their comfortable homes; the hired service where their bodily wants were safely provided for. Most certainly must we conclude that *whatever of good comes out of this discovery, it belongs to the future.*" True, true; and I am mistaken if it may not be said, *a remote future*. We shall see, for one. I regard the discovery of gold in all the places mentioned above as a sad affair, conferring but little good—immense evil.

Yours truly,

J. L. GREEN.

* All but two of these 25 were opened in 1850.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

The Mechanics Institute Exhibition—The "Queen of Song," again in the Queen City—Ohio State Elections.

CINCINNATI, *October* 30, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The Annual Fair of the Mechanics, Institute of this city is now in progress, having been opened somewhat more than two weeks since, and to be continued for a week to come. This institution, some four to a dozen years ago, was in successful operation, holding its Annual Fairs for successive years, and exciting no little interest among our mechanics. For some time past it has languished, and is now in a comparative obscurity, partly for the want of suitable buildings, until the project of erecting a spacious and elegant building for the purposes of public lectures, museum, library, exhibition rooms, &c., was carried through, mainly by the efforts of two or three individuals, among whom Mr. Greenwood, president of the institution, and one of our largest manufacturers, deserves honorable mention, who has given the genuine boat of an edifice of noble dimensions, well adapted to its purposes, and ornamental to the city; and since its completion last year, the mechanics have shown an increasing interest in it, the number of members being constantly on the increase. The exhibition at the time of the State Fair a year ago was a creditable one; but this exceeds it, and, take it all in all, is the best display of the kind ever made in our city.

The articles on exhibition are from over three hundred individuals, and fill six rooms, one of which is the great hall of the institute. They are nearly all of Western manufacture, and these chiefly from Cincinnati; and both in the department of mechanical inventions, and that for the finer fabrics, show an advance upon former years both in excellence and elegance of design. Thus far the Fair has been well attended, both by day and night, and often crowded, and the receipts, I am glad to learn, will be sufficient not only to cancel the debt still resting upon the institution. A brief notice of a few only of the articles displayed can be expected here.

One of the first objects that attract attention as you enter the lower room is a chime of church bells, eleven in number, made by Hanks & Co., of this city. The frame work in which they are hung is of octagon form, about seven feet high, and from the Catholic church steeple for which they are intended. The machinery is all arranged to strike the notes, the hammers being moved by keys on one side similar to those of a piano, and the whole number of tunes readily played with admirable correctness by a competent performer. This will be the first *complete chime* of bells put in this place. There is a ring of bells in the steeple number in the tower of one of our German Catholic churches, but the music made by them, though *loud* enough to satisfy any one, is anything but grateful to the ear. Besides Mr. Hanks, there is another founder of bells here, Mr. Meneely, whose bells and establishments bells have been cast, and are now in use here, equal in tone to any brought from the East.

A new thing in the exhibition is an hydraulic bed for the sick, made by Tatem & Co., of this place. The bed is *water* enclosed in an India rubber tick, which lines a box, in shape like a bath tub. The bed and box are spread sheets, pillows, coverlet, &c., to all appearance like an ordinary bed; and when you lie upon it, it seems to be the very perfection of ease required by the wearied frame of the invalid.

Another article consists of a thousand varieties of hardware of his own manufacture—locks, knobs, latches, stirrups, hat-stands, looking-glass frames, &c., many of them cast of malleable iron, and finished in the latest pattern and elegance of finish, indicating an extent and completeness in this department that places Cincinnati in the first rank. There is certainly no humbug in the display of the variety and extent of iron articles produced, to Mr. Greenwood's, and those who ought to know, say there is not another such establishment in the Union.

The reaping machine exhibited is said to excel the one taken to London, (Mr. Cormick's, I believe,) as it has several improvements upon that. A small machine is in operation for harvesting grain—and it seems to work well. If it carried on business for itself, and makes a beautiful light. Lard oil and stearine candles, and hams, *of course* make a prominent show in the display of Cincinnati products. Lard oil has *ousted* spermaceti and tallow candles to a great extent, and much chemical knowledge, ingenuity, and skill, have been employed to make the oil pure and clean, and the candles elegant in appearance. The lard oil is displayed in long slender bottles of the cleanest glass, and some of it appears as pure to the eye as water. No one unacquainted with the nature of the article would suppose it to be oil. This is the place to find this article in the highest state of perfection.

Artificial teeth, surgical instruments, saws of great variety, silver ware, carpenters' tools, a great display; splendid specimens of bookbinding from the Methodist Book Concern and H. S. & J. Applegate, and numerous articles, might be mentioned, but I must refer to one article, in closing, which was intended for the World's Fair, but could not be finished in time. It is a picture drawn *entirely by the pen*, in black, white, and red inks, of St. George killing the Dragon, on a space of about twenty-four by thirty-six feet square. It is framed, and hung against the wall, so that, at a short distance, any one would take it to be a colored engraving, if not a painting. It is the work of a young man of this city, and the most extraordinary specimen of penmanship ever shown here, and reflects the highest credit on its author—a citizen of Pittsburgh. It has been forwarded to Boston as the most remarkable object in the exhibition.

Jenny Lind arrived here two days since, and gave her first concert last night in the Melodeon. I was not present, and of without any difficulty, but the enthusiasm and applause to obtain seats could not be compared with the excitement attending her first visit to the city. This was owing, in part, to the fact that the tickets were all disposed of at auction, which, was none of the Barnum tact and clap-trap put in requisition to create a rush. She gives her farewell concert here to-morrow evening, (the 31st,) and then proceeds to Boston.

The official returns from seventy-nine counties received here, give Wood for Governor a majority over Vinton, of 23,116. There are nine counties to hear from, most of which are decidedly Democratic, and will swell Wood's majority to about 26,000. The vote for Samuel Lewis will be upwards of 16,000, being an increase over the Free Soil vote of last year of nearly *three thousand*. Senator Chase's election has not injured us, I think, to any perceptible extent. Wood's majority over the Whig and Free Soil vote combined will not be less than nine thousand—enough to satisfy the desire of any seeker after office or popularity.

Yours,

P.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

NEW YORK, *November* 3, 1851.

Flour moderately active, 10,000 bbls. at $3.68 3-4 for Ohio and Indiana brands. Genesee and Southern unchanged. Rye flour, $3.37 1-2. Corn meal $3.37 1-2 a $3.50. Wheat is unchanged; 2,000 bushels Genesee at 96 cents, and 2,000 bushels Canadian white at 85 cents. Sales of 15,000 bushels prime red at 81 a 82 cents. Corn improving; 40,000 bushels mixed, at 57 a 58 cents. Rye, 73 a 74 cents. Provisions unchanged; 500 bbls. pork at $15 for new mess, and $14.50 for old. New prime $13.62 1-2. Sales of 400 bbls. lard at 8 1-4 a 8 3-4.

BALTIMORE, *November* 3, 1851.

Beef Cattle.—Prices range from $2.50 to $3.50 per 100 lbs. on the hoof—equal to $4.50 a $6.75 net, and averaging $2.62 gross; 1,000 remain unsold, and the balance were driven to Philadelphia.

Hogs.—Good supply. Live, hogs at $6.00 a $6.25 per 100 lbs.

Flour and Meal.—800 bbls. Howard street flour at $3.81 1-4. The last sales of City Mills were at $3.75. Rye flour, $3.56 1-4. Corn meal, $3.

Grain and Seeds.—Ordinary to good red wheat at 65 a 72 cents, and good to prime at 72 a 75 cents; white do., of fair quality, 75 to 78 cents, and such as is suitable for family flour, 84 a 85 cents. Corn—sales of old white at 58 a 59; and yellow 54 a 55 cents; new white, 51 a 53, and yellow 53 a 54 cents. Oats, 30 a 34 cents. Rye, 72 a 74 cents. Sales of clover seed at $4.94 a 85 per bushel.

Provisions.—Quiet.—Mess pork is $16 a $16. 12 1-2; prime do. $13 a $13.50. Bacon steady—shoulders, 9 1-4 a 9 1-2 cents; sides, 10 1-2; hams, 10 a 11 1-2 cents per lb. Lard in bbls. at 9 1-4 a 9 3-8 cents; kegs, 10 1-2 a 10 3-4 cents.

Wool.—Small sales of unwashed common at 16 a 18 cents per lb.; washed do., 34 a 38 cents.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

We would call the attention of our readers to this excellent medicine, with the satisfaction one feels in praising a good benefactor. Having been afflicted by the severe effects of a cold seated on the lungs, and found relief and cure from its use, we can add our testimony to the much already given to prove its singular mastery over disease. If any medicine before the cause was known, could be relied on to cure affections of the throat and lungs, it is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Christian Observer.

AYER'S HARSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in all the diseases for which it is recommended, during many years' trial, and the full confidence of physicians was unavailing, has affected a large and increasing demand for it. This fact has caused several unprincipled pretenders to attempt to counterfeit it, by the use of false and worthless imitations, of similar names and appearance. Let the genuine Balsam." Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry" is the only genuine. The rest merely imitate the name of the original while the real remedy remains with Wistar.

LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS.

The genuine Balsam is put up in bottles, with the words "DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, Philada," blown in the glass, and the signature of "I. BUTTS, M. D." pasted on the front, with the signature of *H. WISTAR, M. D.*

This will be enveloped hereafter with a wrapper, copyright secured 1851, on which will always appear the written signature of *I. BUTTS.*

THE GENUINE AND ORIGINAL

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

On account of its great popularity, has been

Extensively Counterfeited in Philadelphia,

And some thousand bottles of the spurious imitation thrown upon the country, both in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

EXAMINE CLOSELY BEFORE PURCHASING.

Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia; now prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, only by *KEITH W. FOWLE*, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents throughout the country.

For sale also by—

DR. J. P. PATTERSON, Washington, D. C.
CANBY & CO., Baltimore.
FREDERICK BROWN, Philadelphia.
A. B. & D. SANDS, New York.

CALIFORNIA GOLD SEPARATOR.

THE undersigned, having detected the fallacy of existing Riffle separators, and fully theory of correct principles governing Riddle, has combined the *centrapetal* power of the basin and a whirlpool, with the *centrifugal* power of the hydraulic, which for the first time gives to the world a machine which performs to the full extent of its capacity, and will save rapidly and safely all the *gold* from crushed quartz or fine sand or stone.

Come to the California Steamship office, 25 Courtland street, New York, and see the machine in operation for yourselves, or address, (Sept 18—3m) *CHARLES BUDD*, Patentee.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

I AM still engaged in the prosecution of claims against the Government. Some of the soldiers of the Mexican war, or their heirs, as we have filed claims for them, and all of them suspended or rejected, or who have not applied, will do well to call on me immediately, as I am about closing all the claims that I have on hand, and will not receive any more after this present instance. There are about 15 000 such claims, and I have filed about 10,000 of the number, of which 2 000 have allowed if authorized to act for the claimant. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

☞ Suspended claims under act of September 28, 1850, also successfully prosecuted, and no fee will be charged in any case unless land is granted.

Oct 30—2m A. M. GANGEWER, Washington, D. C.

OFFICE FOR PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Z. C. ROBBINS, *Solicitor of Patents*, attends to the necessary Drawings and Papers for applicants for patents, and procures Patents with promptness. He has had five years' experience in the Patent Office. He can be consulted on all questions relative to the patent laws and decisions in the United States or Europe. He will also attend to applications for rejected applications for patents, prepare new papers, and procure them to be taken up and passed through the Patent Office, at a distance, desirous of having examinations made at the Patent Office, can have the same done by forwarding a model, a description of the invention, and the fees required by law. Information will be given to it, and all the information that could be obtained by a visit of the inventor in person, relating to the novelty of their invention, and the best mode of obtaining a patent therefor, (should it prove to be new) will be promptly communicated by letter. Oct. 23

All letters on business must be post paid, and enclose a stamp for the reply. Address Z. C. ROBBINS, Solicitor of Patents, and to those for whom he has transacted business during the past seven years. Oct. 23

NEW BOOK ESTABLISHMENT.

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, *Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers*, 128 *Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio*, respectfully inform the public that they have commenced business as above, and have become the Western Agents for the sale of the publications of Messrs. Phillips & Co., of Boston, among which are the following, to which attention is directed:

The Works of Leonard Woods, D. D., 5 vols. 8vo.
The Works of Timothy Dwight, late Pres. of the Col. D. D. 5 vols. 12mo.—1st volume out.
Commentary on the Book of Acts, by Prof. H. B. Hackett, 1 vol 8vo.
Hackett's History of Greece, 1st Am. ed., 1 vol. 12mo.
Also, the thrilling Narrative of the Rev. Jonathan Beecher Stowe, called

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

published in the volumes of the National Era. All orders from the West for this interesting book should be directed to JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, as with Messrs. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LINES BY MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

This sublime and affecting production was but lately discovered among the remains of our great epic poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's Works.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

For the National Era.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

CHAPTER IV.

Day was scarcely dawning in the East, when a young boy stole softly through the back door of a house in the city of B——, and stealthily made his way to the street. With an occasional glance behind him, as if he feared pursuit, he walked rapidly onward, until, just beyond the limits of the city, he reached a spot marked by a tall guide-post, where a road branched off from the great turnpike he was pursuing, and stretched away toward the mountains on the East. Here he paused and stood for some seconds, gazing at the white guide-board, not that he needed its aid to tell him in what direction that road led, for he well knew that, after tugging up hills, stealing through vales, and leaping many a limpid stream, through a course of twenty miles, it ran close along the edge of a tract of forest, in the shadow of which dwelt a pale, wan-cheeked widow, whose every thought, sleeping or waking, was a prayer for her boys.

For a moment, this thought pulled at his heart-strings, and even the great, black hand on the guide-board seemed, in the dim twilight, to point with a solemn gesture towards home, but then came the memory of his stern, imperious master dragging him back to his hated service; the thought of his uncle's biting rebukes, the ridicule of his young shopmates—and Jim Farnham turned his back doggedly on the friendly guide-board, and took the great turnpike to Troy, from whence he expected to reach New York.

Proud, petted, and self-willed, as the boy was when he was apprenticed to Mr. Meeks, ignorant as he was of the services which would be required of him, perhaps with a different master he might have succeeded better, or at least been spared much subsequent suffering. But Mr. Meeks was a *hard* man; his apprentices were to him, not so many immortal beings, for whose future destiny he was in some degree responsible, but so many speculations, in which pecuniary profit and loss were involved; and he treated them accordingly. Jim had not been there long before he began to think of running away. But the trouble was, which way to go. He did not care to go home, for he was exceedingly sensitive to ridicule, and had boasted quite too largely, before he went away, of what he should do when he got to the city, to hope to escape *that*—besides, his master had not failed to impress it upon his mind, that there were certain writings in his possession, that gave him unlimited control over him, and he knew that he should be compelled to go back; so he decided to leave it until his brother came home, and make Ben take him to sea.

When the letter dictated by the widow, and written by Ellen Cross, reached him, announcing the fact that Ben had come and gone without seeing him, his course was taken at once, and the next morning found him, as we have seen, on the road to New York, which he hoped to reach before Ben sailed.

The first intimation that his mother had of his leaving his master was through an advertisement in the county newspaper, warning, as usual, "all persons against harboring or trusting him on his master's account." It was a sad blow to the poor woman, rendered inexpressibly bitter by the thought that, after all her indulgent love, her boy had preferred wandering among strangers to returning to her arms; and even the hurried note, which soon reached her from Ben, stating briefly that he had met Jim as he was on the eve of sailing, and should take him with him, brought with it little comfort, for in those few words she read the utter destruction of all her plans, the uselessness of her life-long battle with the ocean. It had, as it were, stretched forth its resistless arm, and plucked her children from the very bosom of the hills, leaving her desolate and alone. It was in vain that sweet Ellen Cross tried to infuse into her something of her own trustful, hopeful spirit.

"I shall never see my boys again," was the sorrowful reply—so constantly repeated that Ellen could no longer keep her dark forebodings from shadowing her own heart—a shadow that grew more distinct when the time came for the Tartar's arrival in port, and she did not appear—broader, deeper, and colder, when month after month went by, and there came no news from her, and even ship owners and insurance officers gave her up as lost, until all its fearful darkness was realized. It was a touching sight to see this young girl struggling to bear up against the great sorrow that shadowed all her young life, and striving to comfort the childless, heart-broken widow, whose reason at times seemed to grope dimly amid the night of thick darkness that had closed around her. The baptism of pain had come.

CHAPTER V.

A battered and dismantled hulk upon a broad and limitless expanse of sea was all that remained of the noble Tartar.

The long, regular sweep of the waves, among which the wreck plunged heavily every moment, proved that the fury of the storm was long since over; yet this fact, although it did not escape the eye of the elder of the two wretched beings clinging to the wreck, brought with it little comfort. The struggle for life was well nigh over.

Drenched to the skin, shivering from cold, exhausted by pain and hunger, we much doubt whether the mother that bore them could have recognised, in those wasted, squalid figures, the strong-limbed, athletic boys who a few months before had caused her widowed heart to sing for joy.

The elder slept—a broken, feverish sleep; for at last he murmured, faintly, as in a dream—

"There is the old well, brother, and the water dripping from the bucket, and the very same old gourd from which we used to drink! Don't you see it? Stand away, and let me drink, Jim, for I am choking with thirst!"

"Ben! Ben!" moaned the frightened boy by his side, striving to sit up and arouse the sleeper, "don't talk so, for mercy's sake. There is nothing here but this terrible sea. We shall never drink out of that old gourd again—never see our mother's face! Oh, mother! mother!" and the boy sank down again upon the deck, weeping bitterly.

Ben slowly raised himself up, and, feebly brushing back the long hair from his brow, strove to collect his wandering senses. In the hurricane that had swept over them like the besom of destruction four days before, a falling spar had struck him in the breast, and shattered his right arm from his elbow to his shoulder, and the pain and fever attendant upon it had, to Jim's great horror, brought on occasional paroxysms of delirium. Even more terrible than all that he had suffered since he left home—than even the death which visibly, as it were, sat waiting and watching for them—was it to that remorse-stricken boy to hear him calling so wildly for his mother and Ellen, or murmuring faintly of woods and streams and the sports and occupations of their happy childhood!

Grasping a rope that dangled from the stump of a mast, he steadied himself, while he anxiously scanned the prospect in every direction. Then, sinking down again, he turned his hollow, sunken eyes upon his brother's face, and for the first time, since the "whooping billows" swept their miserable companions from the wreck, Jim saw them filling with tears. There was no insanity there then; none in his tones, as, laying his hand upon Jim's, he said, faintly—

"Listen, Jim—I am not crazy now, but there is a strange feeling—a faintness here, where that spar struck me," and he laid his thin hand upon his heart, "that tells me I must die. Don't talk, now," he went on, seeing Jim about to speak, "but listen to what I say. Last night I thought I saw, here-away to the northward, a sail. I said nothing about it then, for I thought I might be mistaken; I think I caught a glimpse of it just now, but my eyes are too dim to see clearly; yet I feel certain that God has heard our mother's prayers, and that before many hours that sail will be down upon us. It will be too late for me, Jim, and"——

"Oh, Ben, Ben—for pity's sake, don't talk so!" interrupted the sobbing boy. "It is I that should die! I that run away and broke our mother's heart!"

"I don't know, brother. I was older than you, and should have thought more of her horror of the sea, and less of my own wishes. But it is too late now. You will tell her all this, Jim, and you must never leave her again. And there is another to whom you will be kind, for my sake." For a moment, the poor fellow paused, and the great tears, passing from beneath his closed eyelids, told how bitter was the thought of parting with his betrothed.

"Poor Ellen! that piece of silk that I bought in Havana was for her wedding dress. It must go to the bottom with the old chest and the ship; but you will tell her about it, Jim; tell her I forgot nothing, and thought of her till the last. You will say little about the hunger and thirst and cold to them, at least not at first; it will be hard enough for them to bear, without that; but tell mother that I read her Bible as I promised, and in my dying hour relied upon its promises."

There was a long pause, broken only by the heavy, sullen washing of the waves against the sides of the wreck, and the sobs of the younger brother.

At length Ben said—

"Try to raise yourself, Jim, and look steadily to the windward, just in the range of that stump of a mast. Do you not see a speck, as it were, in the distance?"

"Nothing, nothing, dear Ben!" cried the boy, as in despair he sank again by his side. "There is nothing to be seen, but this terrible sea."

"Yet it should be there, and if this breeze holds, will be down upon us by to-morrow morning." He looked long and anxiously in his brother's face, as if there were something that he wished, yet feared to speak.

"Jim," he said, at length, "if it should happen before that time—if I should be gone before they hail you, you will not be afraid, will you? Afraid of me!"

"Oh, Ben, don't—pray don't talk so dreadfully about dying! If you die, I shall die too!"

"And you will not let them put me in the sea without a prayer, brother," he went on without minding the interruption; "it would make mother easier to know that her boy was buried like a Christian, though it was in the sea. And there is another thing, Jim. If you should live to get home, and ever get money enough, I should like to have you put up a little stone with my name and age upon it, in the graveyard, by the side of the one we had put up for father. We picked up walnuts to buy that, you remember. Ellen will help you, and sometimes, of a Sunday evening, you will go there together and talk about me."

Murmuring together, as had been their wont in childhood, that prayer which has comforted so many sad hearts, "Our Father," they stretched themselves upon the deck, while the night drew on, and for the first time since the storm burst upon them the moon struggled through the rifted clouds, and looked down upon their loneliness. Ben slept at length, but Jim—oh! it was a terrible thing for that young boy to sit there hour after hour, listening to the eternal washing of the waves and the hollow groaning of the wreck as she settled heavily in a trough of sea, gazing in the ghastly face of the sleeper, so like to death that he must needs count the pulses in the hand which clasped his, to know that life was still there!

He thought he should go mad, but poor Ben's voice, murmuring some familiar word, at length broke the fearful spell, and toward morning he too fell asleep, and, as if to atone for all these horrors, God sent him a happy dream of home.

At length he thought he heard his mother's voice calling him and Ben, as had been her custom every morning, when the rising sunbeams tipped the tall tree-tops with fire, and, making an effort to spring to his feet, he saw before him, not the sunlit forest, but the tall, tapering masts of a brig that lay at a short distance, rocking on the waves, and heard, not his mother's voice, but the cheerful hail that rose from a boat that was making towards the wreck as fast as six well-manned oars could impel her. With a faint answering "halloo!" he sunk beside his brother, crying—

"Ben, dear Ben! they have come! We are saved!"

But there was that strange something—that undefinable, but unmistakeable seal upon the sunken face of the sleeper, that told him, ignorant as he was of death's mysteries, that his brother would wake no more on earth.

Ben Farnham's wishes with regard to his burial were religiously fulfilled. Captain Forbes himself read the service for the dead over his body, and then, soon as the blue waters had closed over him forever, they left the dangerous proximity of the wreck, and the seamen unfolding her white wings, again sped on her course towards the distant shores of the Mediterranean sea.

It was a stormy autumn night. The rain poured in torrents, while the wind tore through the forest as if it had a gage of battle with every individual tree, riving, twisting, and uprooting them in its wrath, stooping even to strip the humblest bramble that had found shelter beneath them of its leaves, while at intervals there came a pause in the wild tumult, a settled hush, as if the elements themselves sighed over the desolation they had made, even while they gathered breath to renew the combat.

Out through the murky darkness gleamed a faint light from the widow's cottage window, falling athwart the little footpath, and giving to the mottled trunk of the old button-ball before the door an almost ghostly appearance.

Wild as was the storm without, there was a mightier presence within, for the widow was passing away from earth. The weary night that had settled down upon her after the loss of the Tartar was drawing to a close, the light of eternal day was breaking in upon that poor, bewildered mind. Ellen Cross and her mother were beside her, listening to her broken and incoherent murmurs. They were ever of her boys, and it seemed to the thoughtful fancy of Ellen that the spirit continued to flutter about the wan lips, as if there still lingered a faint hope that it might yet bless them in the body. Presently she made a motion to be raised, and, supported in the arms of Mrs. Cross, she laid her shrivelled hand upon the brown locks of the weeping Ellen, and gathered back all the fleeting faculties of life, to pour them out in blessing upon the head of one who, in her own words, "had been more than a daughter unto her." The very elements seemed to hush themselves before that voice, as in broken, tremulous accents it called down the blessing of the widow's God upon the kneeling maiden. Suddenly there came a footstep upon the threshold, and a boyish figure, dripping with rain, sprang through the room, and flinging himself by the side of the girl, cried, tremblingly—

"Bless me, even me also, oh, my mother!"

Ellen Cross sprang to her feet, and cast a piercing glance into the darkness, to see if he was not followed—then sank by the side of the bed, moaning and trembling as if the whole force of the wild storm without had centered in her breast. But for one moment the widow sat upright, and, drawing the boy's head to her bosom, she whispered, faintly—

"Is it as I feared? Are you alone, my boy?" And he answered:

"I am all that is left, mother."

Groping with her trembling hand until it again rested on the head of Ellen, and still clasping her child to her heart, the widow sank back in the arms of Mrs. Cross, while her lips murmured blessings so faint and indistinct that the angels alone could hear them. At last the lips were motionless, the flickering breath ceased, and the orphan boy and the widowed maiden arose and gazed upon the face of the dead.

Over the very spot where the widow's cottage stood a railroad now passes; houses have sprung up in the solitary places, and the voice of the wind in the grand old woods will never again fill the heart of man or boy with strange memories of the sea, for the axe of the speculator has been there, and only here and there a patch of green woodland remains to tell of its former grandeur.

There is no vestige of the old home of the widow and her children remaining, but they are not quite forgotten. In the village graveyard are three or four slabs of white marble bearing their names, for Jim did not forget his brother's dying wish; and sometimes, of a winter night, when the storm howls wildly without, enhancing by the contrast the comfort within, some ruddy-cheeked matron tells to the listening group around the fire their story, and, with many a significant glance at the corner where her own boys sit with the morris-board between them, enlarges on the perils of the sea, and the evils of "running away," and tells how Jim Farnham never, never could forgive himself for disregarding his mother's wishes.

It is quite certain that he never forgot it, as many a proud, discontented, self-willed boy, bent upon "running away to sea," has found, as he sat in the comfortable parlor of the "Sailor's Home," in one of the crowded streets of New York, and listened to his story, for a part of that picture which poor Ben was so fond of painting has been realized. There is the neat house, there the blue water and the interminable crowd of shipping; and there, in the features of the serene, thoughtful-eyed woman, whom the master of the house calls "sister," and the homeless, friendless sailor blesses as an angel, may be traced something of the girlish beauty of Ellen Cross.

QUAKER'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him; and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis: for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he discovered the filly in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck; that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner judged that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted, "do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" said the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds and the vegetables they contained out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismounting, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she had destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'"

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the Evil One prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked, "what was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart; and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING OF GOOD FOR EVIL.

Cin. Columbian.

LAST DAY OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION.

The *London Times* gives an animated description of the final scene at the great exhibition of the world's skill and industry:

"Let the reader fancy what it must have been to comprehend within one glance fifty thousand people assembled under one roof in a fairy palace, with walls of iron and glass, the strongest and the most fragile material happily and splendidly combined. Let him, if he can, picture to himself that assemblage in the centre of that edifice filled with specimens of human industry and natural wealth, from every civilized community and the remotest corners of the globe. Let him tax his imagination to the uttermost, and still beyond the material magnificence of the spectacle presented to him—let him remember that the stream of life on which he looks down contains in it the intellect and the heart of the greatest metropolis in the most powerful empire in the world—that strong feelings, such as rarely find utterance in a form so sublime, are about to find expression from that multitude, and that in heathen times, even when liberty was still a new power upon the earth, the voice of the people was held to be the voice of God. Not only the days, but the minutes of the Great Exhibition were numbered, and the first sign of its dissolution was given by Osler's crystal fountain. Just before five o'clock struck, the feathery jet of water from its summit suddenly ceased, and the silence of the vast assemblage became deeper and more intense. The moment at last came. Mr. Belshaw appeared at the west corner of the transept-gallery on the south side, bearing a large red flag in his hand. This he displayed as the clock struck, and instantly all the organs in the building were hurling into the air the well-known notes of the National Anthem. At the same moment the assembled multitudes uncovered; and those who witnessed this act of loyalty from an advantageous position will long remember the effect which it produced upon their minds. Where just before nothing was visible but a mass of black hats stretching away until lost in the distance, immediately there appeared a great sea of up-turned animated faces, and to the solemn silence of expectancy succeeded a volume of sound, in which the voices of the people were heartily joined. The Crystal Palace is not adapted for organ music, and notwithstanding the number of them exhibited, they cannot, from the size of the building, be played in concert. The consequence was, that as a musical performance—there being no proper organization in the matter—the singing of "God save the Queen" was a very discordant demonstration of loyalty. Herr Sommer did everything in his power and in that of his instrument to keep the people in tune, but he was only partially successful. Some professional singers also gave their aid upon the occasion, and inspired the assemblage with courage to follow. On the whole, however, foreigners would have managed this matter better; and, though it is useless now to express regrets, it does seem a pity that proper steps were not taken to make the performance of the National Anthem as effective as it might have been. About the feeling which accompanied it there could be no mistake, for as soon as it had been closed there arose such cheers as Englishmen alone know how to give. These were continued for several minutes, and when the last of them died away, there passed over the entire building, and with an effect truly sublime, a tremendous rolling sound, like that of thunder, caused by thousands of feet stamping their loyalty upon the boarded floors. Under this demonstration every part of the edifice trembled, and, as it swept from west to east, many an eye was raised with anxiety to the girders and pillars, which in long perspective were stretched out before them. And now the time had arrived for the death peal of the Exhibition to be rung out. Some one hung out from the gallery of the transept a piece of calico, on which was inscribed the well-known passage from Shakspeare's *Tempest, &c.*

"Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

"A minute or two was allowed to elapse before the fatal signal was given, and during this brief interval the assemblage remained silent and motionless. At last it came, and a perfect storm of bell peals broke over the building. The executive seemed to have collected all their strength for a last effort in this department of their duties, and we do hope that to the other statistics of the great undertaking now closed may at once be added the number of tympanums broken on the final day. Ireland, with her characteristic love of making as much noise as possible with the tongue, has sent the most powerful bells to the Exhibition; but these resources, added to the bells of all nations, were deemed insufficient, and China had to come to the rescue with her gongs, and India to strike up some fine savage notes from her tom-toms, before the signs of an intention to depart were unmistakably manifested. The concourse of people for a long time remained massed together, as if no power could separate or fuse them; but at last small currents and ripples of human beings might be seen setting toward the exit doors, and these gradually increased in volume and rapidity as the shades of evening fell. One by one the gas lamps were lighted, and the building, divided between the empire of day and night, assumed an aspect curiously in harmony with its defunct character. The police and the sappers appeared on the scene, first in small knots, and then, when they had moved the people on a little, in extended line. By gently pressing on them they at last induced them to go, but it was dark, and six and a half o'clock, before the building was completely cleared, and the bells finally ceased tolling.

In looking back over the career of the vast enterprise which has thus auspiciously been terminated, the consideration which first and most strongly impresses itself on the mind is the unprecedented popularity which it has attracted. Of this we quote some striking facts as illustrations. In the month of May, 734,672 visits were paid to the building; in June, 1,133,116; in July, 1,314,176; in August, 1,023,435; in September, 1,155,240; and in the first eleven days of October, 841,107. These figures give a total of 6,201,866 as the sum of visits to the Exhibition. Every one will calculate according to his particular fancy the proportion between visits and visitors, but at least it is obvious that several millions of people have had their minds enlarged, and their respect for industrial pursuits increased, by a portion of their time, more or less considerable, being spent in the Crystal Palace. The greatest number of people ascertained to have been in the building at any one time was at 2 o'clock on Tuesday last, when 92,000 persons were present. On the same day the number of visiters reached its *maximum*, and was 109,915. Between 11 and 12 o'clock on Monday last, 28,153 persons entered the building in one hour.

When it is remembered that these extraordinary figures, which can be thoroughly relied on for accuracy, illustrate popular movements that only a few years ago would have been pronounced on the highest authority most dangerous to the safety of the State, we have the more reason to wonder that they should have taken place, not only without disorder, but also almost without crime. The total number of charges made at the police station at the Prince of Wales's gate, relating to offences within the building, is, we are informed, twenty-five, of which nine were for picking pockets, six for attempts to do so, and ten for petty larcenies at stalls.

Looking at the popularity of the undertaking in a monetary point of view, the facts are equally extraordinary. The largest amount taken at the doors on any of the five-shilling days was £5,078, on the 24th of May. The greatest half-crown day was Saturday last, when £4,845 13*s.* 6*d.* was received. The greatest shilling day was Tuesday last, when the sum taken amounted to £5,283 3*s.* In May the highest receipts were on the 24th, when upward of £5,000 was taken, the lowest being the pound days. In June the greatest was a shilling day, when upward of £3,000 was taken, the lowest being the first shilling-day. In July, the highest (a half-crown day) was the 18th, when nearly £4,000 was received; the lowest being the 19th, a five-shillings day. During the month of August, the harvest operations told visibly on the receipts, the greatest being on the 5th, a shilling day, when more than £3,000 was taken, and the lowest being on the 2d and 30th. During the month of September the average was still smaller; but the 29th and 30th were great shilling days, and brought in £3,009 each.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A few days since, on board a steamer from Memphis to Cincinnati was a very large crowd of passengers. Our attention was drawn to the unusual number of passengers flocking upon deck; with the captain and two or three officers of the boat, we joined the crowd in search of an incident to drive away the monotony of a steamboat trip. Arriving at the spot, which seemed the centre of excitement, we found a man in Quaker-like attire sitting on a large chest, declaring that it should not be broken open unless they killed him. Soon from the chest, as if in distress, was heard a voice, apparently, of a colored person.

"Let me out; I had rather go back to massa. Oh, mercy! I can't stay here any longer."

"Look here, my friend," says the Captain, "you'll have to get off that chest."

"I'll be darned if I do," he replies.

"Oh, dear! let me out—let me out," came distinctly from the chest, as if in apparent suffocation.

"Mate," said the Captain, "bring some men, take that person off the chest, and break it open."

The person, showing fight, was seized by the passengers, all believing he was carrying off Mr. Darkey, contrary to law made and provided.

The mate seized an iron bar, and forced it between the lid and body of the chest.

"Oh! don't kill me," says the stifled voice; "I want to get out; I want to go back; oh, dear! I shall die."

"Hold out a few minutes longer," says a good-natured philanthropic person, stepping out; "you shall soon be released."

Quite an intense feeling was now raised in the crowd when the mate forced the lid; as it came from the chest, an unearthly laugh came from the old clothes with which it was filled, and no sign or appearance of any living thing. Amazement appeared on the countenance of the before angry but now bewildered lookers-on. We were shortly after led into the mystery by the Captain, who informed us of what he was before aware, but had forgotten, that the inimitable ventriloquist, the "Fakir of Siva," stood by, an apparently anxious spectator of the proceedings.

THE BOATMAN OF THE LOIRE.

The greatest interest has been excited among a certain class of persons by the investigation of papers of the rich capitalist who died lately in Paris, leaving behind him not only an immense fortune, the greater part of which is to be distributed in deeds of charity, but also a reputation unstained, a name honored and blessed by the poor and needy, to whom he was indeed a friend and benefactor. It appears (at least thus goes the Paris gossip) that the said individual has kept very curious memoirs of his life, wherein are preserved the chronicles of all his transactions with the high nobles of the country. The numberless occasions wherein the bearers of the greatest names among the aristocracy were fain to have recourse to his assistance to extricate them from pecuniary embarrassment; the correspondence which from time to time has been going on with every member of the exiled family of Bourbons, all tending to the one soul-absorbing subject of our epoch, the raising of money, are all set forth in these memoirs, which will be of the most extraordinary interest, should the family persist in causing them to be published. This man, with the soul of a philosopher, the heart of a prince, was the son of a poor boatman who worked the ferry at Ancenis, on the Loire—a true Vendean a Chouan to the very soul—and yet, by dint of prudence and circumspection, managed to earn a living without suspicion on the part of the sans culottes all through the Vendean war. With the steady courage of his race he would ply the oar the whole day long upon his usual beat, conveying horses, men, and baggage, for the service of the Republic—belying his principles, not for the sake of gain, but for the opportunity which the occupation bestowed for serving his friends—the royalist chiefs—and at night would start forth, under cover of the darkness, to convey arms and provisions from one bank to the other, in order to assist the Vendeans in carrying on the war. One night the boatman was lying as usual waiting amongst the reeds which line the shore just above the passage at Ancenis; his oars were muffled, and himself closely enveloped from head to foot, for he had received intimation during the day that a family of royalists of great importance would cross the river at midnight, in order to join their party then shut up in Laval, where they were bent on making their last stand. It was a dark and dreary night, just fitted to favor the escape of the fugitives, and the honest boatman was forced to trust to his ear alone for the announcement of their approach. The night was far advanced ere the well-known hissing sound, imitative of the screech owl, the rallying cry of the Chouans, broke upon the stillness of the night. In a moment the little black craft cut through the water with the swiftness of an arrow towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and without saying a word—for both speed and silence were necessary in those days—Jean Landrean proceeded to assist the fugitives on board. The party consisted of a gentleman and lady with two infant children. The gentleman was standing holding one of the children in his arms, while the lady was seated on a small chest with the other infant on her knee. The rumbling sound of the *patache* which brought them to the spot was distinctly heard in the distance. The passengers soon were seated in the boat, and the boatman proceeded to lift the chest, but all his efforts were in vain. The weight of its contents, and the imprudence of the lady who had seated herself with her child upon it while waiting for the boat, caused it to sink so deep in the mud as almost to disappear among the reeds, and it became evident at once that it would be impossible to recover it without assistance. In the midst of this dilemma, the heavy gallop of horses, and the clanking of the swords of the horse-patrol, who in those troublous times were ordered to pace the shore the whole night long, were heard approaching. In a hurried whisper the gentleman bade Jean Landrean push off. "The chest contains my fortune," said he—"the hopes and security of our most righteous cause—but the safety of my wife and little ones is of more importance. Let us row them across, and we will return and fetch the chest when we have seen them safely landed on the opposite shore." Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed the party across the river, and landed them all in safety. By this time the patrol had approached close to the spot they had just quitted, and the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard. They passed on, however, without observing any trace of the strangers; but the incident had caused the lady to feel such nervous terror for her husband's sake, that she would not suffer him to leave the place of safety he had reached, in order to rush upon danger, as it were, by crossing again to the opposite bank. Jean Landrean therefore departed alone in search of the chest, taking with him ropes and tools to disengage it from the mud. He succeeded in a short space of time, and returned in high glee, bearing it in triumph before him. His terror may be conceived when, upon reaching the spot he had quitted a short time before, he found it deserted—not a trace of the travellers he had ferried across to be seen—not a sound indicative of their presence to be heard. He wandered distracted up and down until the dawn; and the first light of day showed him traces of strife and murder, which must have taken place during the short time he had been occupied on the other side of the river. The grass and reeds were all trampled and broken, and evident tokens of scuffle and resistance to be observed as far as the entrance to the small wood which clothes the rising ground which encloses the Loire at this spot. Jean Landrean followed, through bramble and through briar, the path which had evidently been forced by the resisting fugitives, until beneath a tree he found the lifeless corpse of one of the children lying bathed in blood, its brains having been dashed out against a tree. By its side lay the hat and cloak of the lady, all drenched in gore, but no other token of the passage of the fugitives—no other indication of the path by which the survivors had been hurried was anywhere to be observed, and Jean Landrean returned to his boat, disconsolate and broken-hearted, to begin his daily task with bitter remembrance of the past night. The chest lay concealed beneath the floor of his hut until the end of the war. Every inquiry concerning its owner was set on foot by Jean Landrean; it contained gold to an enormous amount. As much publicity as could be given to the event was promoted by the honest boatman, but in vain. The thing remains a mystery to this hour. Jean Landrean died a wealthy man, but even on his death-bed he bade his son, whom he left rich, happy, and respected, to use every endeavor to discover the owner of the gold; and for many years his son also made every research, sparing neither time nor expense to fulfil his father's dying command. A rude cross in the wood, on the spot where it is supposed the mortal struggle took place between the flying royalists and some republican soldiers, a small tombstone of white marble in the graveyard of Ancenis, raised by Jean Landrean over the corpse of the murdered babe, are all that is left to tell the story of the ill-starred royalist gentleman and his unhappy wife.

The chronicles of La Vendee could furnish many such an episode as this, but there are few who, like Jean Landrean, would seek to make the story known. He reverts to it even in his will, and leaves an annuity to be bestowed forever on the oldest boatman on the Loire, in order to commemorate the unhappy event which, against his own desire, had been the foundation of his own fortune.

Paris Cor. of London Atlas.

SCHOOL FOR MINING.

A writer in the *New York Tribune*, after alluding to the various mining regions in the United States, and to the probability that in the Great Basin, Utah, New Mexico, Oregon, California, Missouri Territory, and the western part of Missouri, coal, not less than the metals, may be found in almost exhaustless quantities, thus concludes:

"The mineral wealth of the country being of so much importance, and the wants of the rapidly increasing population becoming so much greater every year, the value of a large body of scientific and thorough miners becomes more and more apparent. Yet we believe there is no institution in this country which pays anything more than an incidental attention to this department of practical science and engineering. We think the time has come when a school for the formation of scientific miners, embracing in its instructions the whole field of mathematics, engineering, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, and natural philosophy, could be abundantly sustained. The whole course of teaching should be adapted to the education of young men to act as miners, with scientific and practical knowledge sufficient to anticipate and prevent those frequent Utopian enterprises that often absorb splendid fortunes, as well as ruin men of only moderate means.

"We invite the attention of the public to this suggestion. Whether the remodelling of some institution already established, or the founding of a new school, be resolved upon, we are convinced that an American School of Mining is needed, and will yet render signal service to the great industrial interests of the Republic."

"OLD TOM."—An article went the rounds of the papers some months ago, mentioning a case of longevity in Clarke county, which proved to be incorrect. We have an instance of longevity in this county, in the person of a black man, which is no fiction. We have seen Tom (familiarly known as "Old Tom") on several occasions, and conversed with him. He is now *one hundred and fourteen years of age.* He was born in Virginia, but came to Georgia in early youth, and has been in the family of the Greenes from that period. He now lives with his daughter Fain, on the plantation of "*Mass Lemmy,*" about three miles from our village, on the Greensborough road. His daughter Fain, with whom he lives, has been the mother of nineteen children, sixteen of whom were raised to maturity. "Old Tom" is yet able to do light work: "picks up sticks," "patches his own clothes," and says he must work as long as he lives. He has been a professor of religion fifty or sixty years; has lived consistently with his profession, and "fears no evil" in the world to come. He abjured *whiskey* in early life; talks much of the "old war," and thinks General Washington was the greatest man that ever lived.—*Temperance Banner.*

VIRGINIA.—We had hoped that the tide of emigration from our State to the West was about to cease, but it does not at present. The tide is as strong as ever. For weeks past, we have witnessed large companies passing our office from various portions of the East and Southwest, bound for the Western free States; occasionally a group with a few blacks for Missouri. These persons, as we learn from them, had generally made their arrangements to move from the State before the new Constitution was submitted to the People. After the adoption of the proposed Constitution, and the carrying out, by the first Legislature elected under it, of that system of improvement long demanded by the People and by the best interests of the State, it is expected that the annual drain of the bone and sinew of this good old mother of States will cease. We would not forget to mention in this connection that the prospect of the adoption of a popular Constitution has had the effect to induce a largely increased immigration from other States into Virginia. A large company passed up this valley last week, to Nicholas county, with a view of purchasing lands there for a permanent settlement. They were from New York.

Kanawha Republican.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.—The last number of the London Athenæum contains a communication from Col. Rawlinson, announcing an important historical discovery. He has deciphered some of the cuneiform inscriptions brought from Nineveh by Mr. Layard, and found them to contain some remarkable verifications of Bible history. They are records of one of the Assyrian kings, who proves to be the Sennacherib of the Scripture. They notice his war against the King of Sidon; and describing the battle between the Assyrians and Egyptians, in conformity with the accounts of Josephus and Herodotus, notice the proceedings of Sennacherib against Hezekiah, King of Judea. The names of Hezekiah, Judea, and Jerusalem, are given in the inscriptions as Khazakiyah, Ursulimma, and Johuda; "and the tribute which the Jewish king pays, in order to free himself from his enemy, is stated almost in the very words of Scripture. The annals of Sennacherib in this inscription extend over seven years, and a cylinder has been met with, which gives the events of two years more. Other points of identity between these annals and the Greek and Biblical notices of Sennacherib likewise occur; but the chief point of interest is the establishment of the identity of the king who built the great palace of Koyunjik with that sovereign. A secure starting-place is now obtained for historical research, and a rapid progress will be made in fixing the Assyrian chronology."

The French Assembly, by a vote of 319 to 232, has made an appropriation of 78,000 francs to continue M. Botta's exploration at Nineveh, and the scientific expeditions to vender, it is contrary to the principles of republican Government that the business should be monopolized by a few individuals.

7. If the sale of liquor is not a moral business, (on account of its uniform tendency to produce immorality,) the licensing of it cannot make it so.

8. As the traffic in intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, uniformly brings with it such an immense train of moral, physical, and pecuniary evils: therefore, we, the people, ask and pray, and in duty bound will ever pray, your honorable bodies to deliver us from this CURSE, so far as the refusing to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks will effect that object.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Speaking of the annexation of these Islands to the United States, Mr. J. J. Jarvis, who has been for a number of years a resident of Honolulu, where he published a newspaper in English and Hawaiian, says that the offer is now made to the citizens of the Republic, as a free gift, of the entire Sandwich group, on such terms as Congress may themselves impose. The Islands ask in return simply to receive the rights and protection accorded to American citizens. The area of the group is 6,500 square miles, capable of supporting ten-fold its present population, (80,000.) One million dollars' worth of American merchandise is annually consumed. Its American permanent population is not far from 1,000, possessing valuable sugar and coffee plantations, in which, and other permanent improvements, large sums have been expended. The floating American population touching at these Islands annually is not far from 15,000 seamen and voyagers, from some four hundred vessels.

BENNETT'S NATIONAL SKY-LIGHT GALLERY
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
One door east of Z. D. Gilman's Drug Store.
EXHIBITION FREE

TO meet the increasing patronage of this establishment, the Sitting and Exhibition Rooms have been enlarged, and fitted up in a style second to none in this country

It was necessary, also, to have more assistance in the operating department; and I have therefore associated with me Mr. F. M. Cory, from New York, which will enable me to maintain the present popularity of this Gallery

Some valuable additions to the collection of specimens have been recently made, among which we will mention that of *JENNY LIND*, taken from life; one of *AMIN BEY*, Turkish Envoy; and one, from a Daguerreotype taken in Rome, of Powers's statue of *JOHN C. CALHOUN.*

The collection of the United States Senate intended for exhibition at the World's Fair, to be held in London in May next, will be complete in a few days, a part of which may be seen at this time.

Having a superior Sky-Light, and one of the best German Cameras, capable of taking portraits twelve times the usual size, and twice the size of any in this city, together with a constant and successful practice for the last twelve years, we feel confident in being able to furnish Daguerreotypes to those who may want them, which, for beauty of tone, clearness of impression, life like expression, grace and ease of position, cannot be surpassed

By a new and improved process practiced at this establishment, we are enabled to take pictures in the short space of one second, enabling parents to supply themselves with perfect Daguerreotypes of their little ones, of all ages.

☞ Miniatures neatly set in lockets, breastpins, finger rings, and settings furnished, if desired.

Jan. 2. N. S. BENNETT. F. M. CORY

GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS.

COPARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned respectfully announce to the public that they have entered into copartnership for the transaction of a general Exchange and Banking business in the city of Washington, under the firm of

SELDEN, WITHERS, & CO.

All business intrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

WILLIAM SELDEN, late Treasurer U. States.
JOHN WITHERS, of Alexandria, Virginia.
R. W. LATHAM, of the City of Washington.
L. P. BAYNE, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Jan 9

WATSON & RENWICK, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

AGENTS *for procuring Patents in the United States and foreign countries.*

They prepare Specifications and Drawings of new inventions, and transact all business connected with their profession.

They will revise and attend to the reconsideration of those applications which have been rejected by the Commissioner of Patents either on account of a defective specification and drawing, or the presentation of an improper claim.

Persons residing at a distance may procure all necessary information respecting the patentability of their inventions, may have their applications for patents made in proper form, and may obtain patents, without incurring the expense of a personal attendance at Washington, by writing to the subscribers.

Models can be safely sent to us by the Expresses.

Rough sketches and descriptions can be sent by mail.

Letters must be post paid.

Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.

July 18 P. H. WATSON. E. S. RENWICK

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE AND WATER-PROOF OIL BLACKING,

For Boots, Shoes, Harness, Carriage Tops, &c.

THIS BLACKING is not designed to produce a polish, but to render leather soft, pliable, water proof, and much more durable.

It may be had at the manufacturer's wholesale price:
New York—Grannis & Stewart, 96 Maiden Lane.
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Rochester, N. Y.—Sage & Pancost.
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Philadelphia—T. W. Dyott & Son, 132 N. 2d street.
Pittsburg, Pa.—McCurdy & Loomis.
Boston, Mass.—Alexander Strong, 32 Central street.
Bangor, Me.—George W. Emerson, 4 Smith's Block.
Cleveland, O.—Seaman & Smith.
Cincinnati, O.—Robbins & Pomroy, 27 Pearl street.
Montreal, C. W.—Brown & Childs.
Toronto, C. W.—Brown & Childs.

And in the cities and principal towns generally throughout the Northern and Western States of the Union.

Aug 21

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Fast Lines to Philadelphia, Daily, (except Sundays.)

FARE IN EACH, THREE DOLLARS.

ON and after Monday 2d December, the mail and passenger trains to Philadelphia will be run as follows, viz:

Morning Mail Train, stopping at way stations, will leave the Company's *New Depot,* President street, at 9 o'clock, daily, (except Sundays,) through in five and a half hours. To this train a *second class car* will be attached, the fare in which will be two dollars, and the ticket for which must be procured in the office before starting, as none can be sold in the car.

Night Mail Train, stopping at all the regular stations on the road, will leave the President street Depot every night at 8 o'clock—being the only line on Sundays

Returning, the trains will leave Philadelphia, respectively, at half past 8 A. M. and 10 P. M.

NOTICE.—Tickets for the above lines must be procured at the office. Baggage by the above lines is at its owner's risk, and passengers are expressly prohibited taking anything as baggage but wearing apparel. Fifty pounds allowed each passenger. J. G. HARDIE,

Baltimore, April 19. Acting Agent.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

Monthly—32 pages, $1 per annum, in advance.
Bi-monthly and Monthly—($2 per annum, in advance.)
Six Nos. of 32 pages each, and six of 96 each, making 768.

VOL. III commences July, 1851. This unique original journal treats of all subjects relating to man—presents new and well demonstrated systems of *Phrenology, Physiology,* and *Physiognomy*—and surveys from a new point of view the great wonders of the age. The knowledge of man and the elevation of the race are its aims. Specimen numbers sent gratuitously. Address the editor, *Dr. JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN,* Cincinnati.

Vol. I, containing nine plates (one exhibiting the new system of Phrenology) and 624 pages, will be sent by mail for two dollars. June 12—1yi

HENRY H. PAXTON,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio Jan 9

THOMAS EMERY,

MANUFACTURER of Lard Oil, Star and Adamantine Candles, 33 Water street, between Main and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. B. Cash paid for Nos. 1 and 2 lard, grease, mutton and beef tallow. May 15—tf

HENRY MINER & CO.,

DEALERS in Cheap Publications, &c., Smithfield street, between Second and Third, Pittsburgh, Pa. This is the most extensive Cheap Publication House in the West, where may always be found the principal Magazines, and new and old novels, Annuals, Gift Books, &c.

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The *National Era* and other periodicals are kept for sale

Feb. 13—1yg

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No. 3 Cornhill, Boston,

IS the special Boston and New England office for the following valuable newspapers.

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The Independent—weekly. Edited by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., and others; Rev. George B Cheever and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher stated Contributors. Received by Express from New York, and delivered by carriers at $2.50 a year, free of postage; single numbers, 6 cents. Price by mail, $2

The Friend of Youth, a superior monthly journal for the Young, edited by Mrs. M. L. Bailey, Washington Price, delivered free of postage, 62 1 2 cents a year; by mail, 50 cents.

The *Oberlin Evangelist*—semi-monthly Price, $1 a year. (All the Oberlin Books also for sale, wholesale and retail, at this Agency.)

Also, the Boston Publishing Office for

The New Englander, a quarterly journal, commanding the first order of talent, and taking a liberal view of the Progressive movements of the age, religious and secular. It holds itself free to treat on every subject that may be presumed to be interesting to intelligent Christian men; and to such men, in every profession and position, it addresses itself. Edited by a Committee, including some of the best minds of New Haven. Each volume begins in February. Price, $3 a year; single numbers, 75 cents.

☞ Subscriptions and renewals to the above Periodicals, and orders for all useful books, solicited by

May 1 G W. LIGHT, 3 Cornhill

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS FOR 1852.—To Clergymen, Postmasters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students, and Heads of Families.

Sears' American Pictorial Book Establishment removed to 181 William Street, (near Spruce,) New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a *public* benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

☞ To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population.

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Newspapers copying this advertisement, as above, without any alteration or abridgment, (including this notice,) and giving it six *inside insertions,* shall receive a copy of any one of our $2 50 or $3 works, (*subject to their order,*) by sending one or more papers marked "Sears's Family Visiter, New York. Sep. 4—6t.

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ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, Hartford, Connecticut. JOHN HOOKER. Sept. 12—1y JOSEPH R HAWLEY

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THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil Manufacturer,
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